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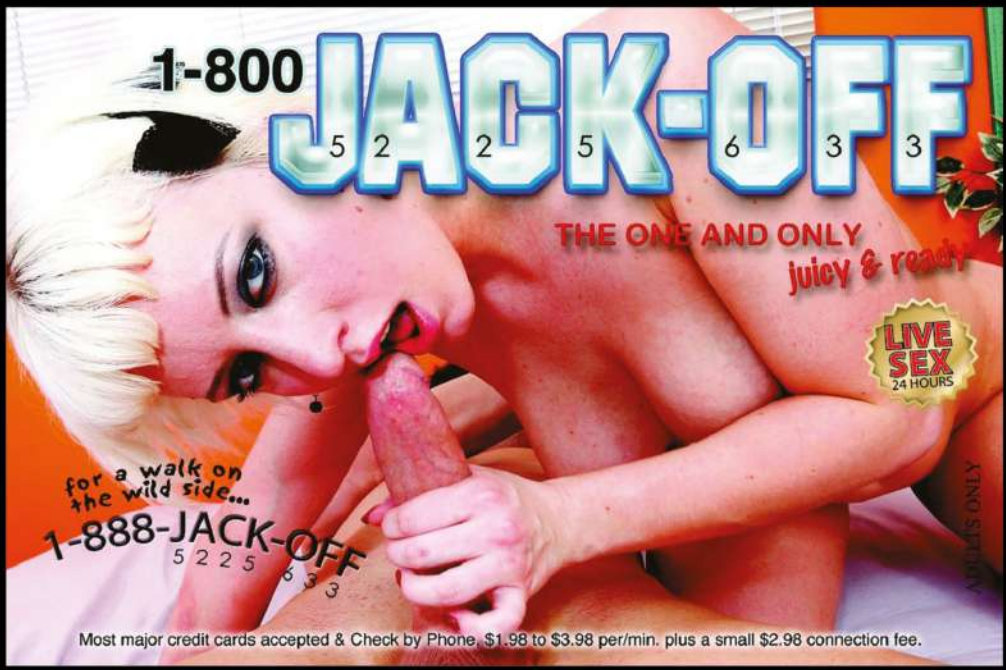
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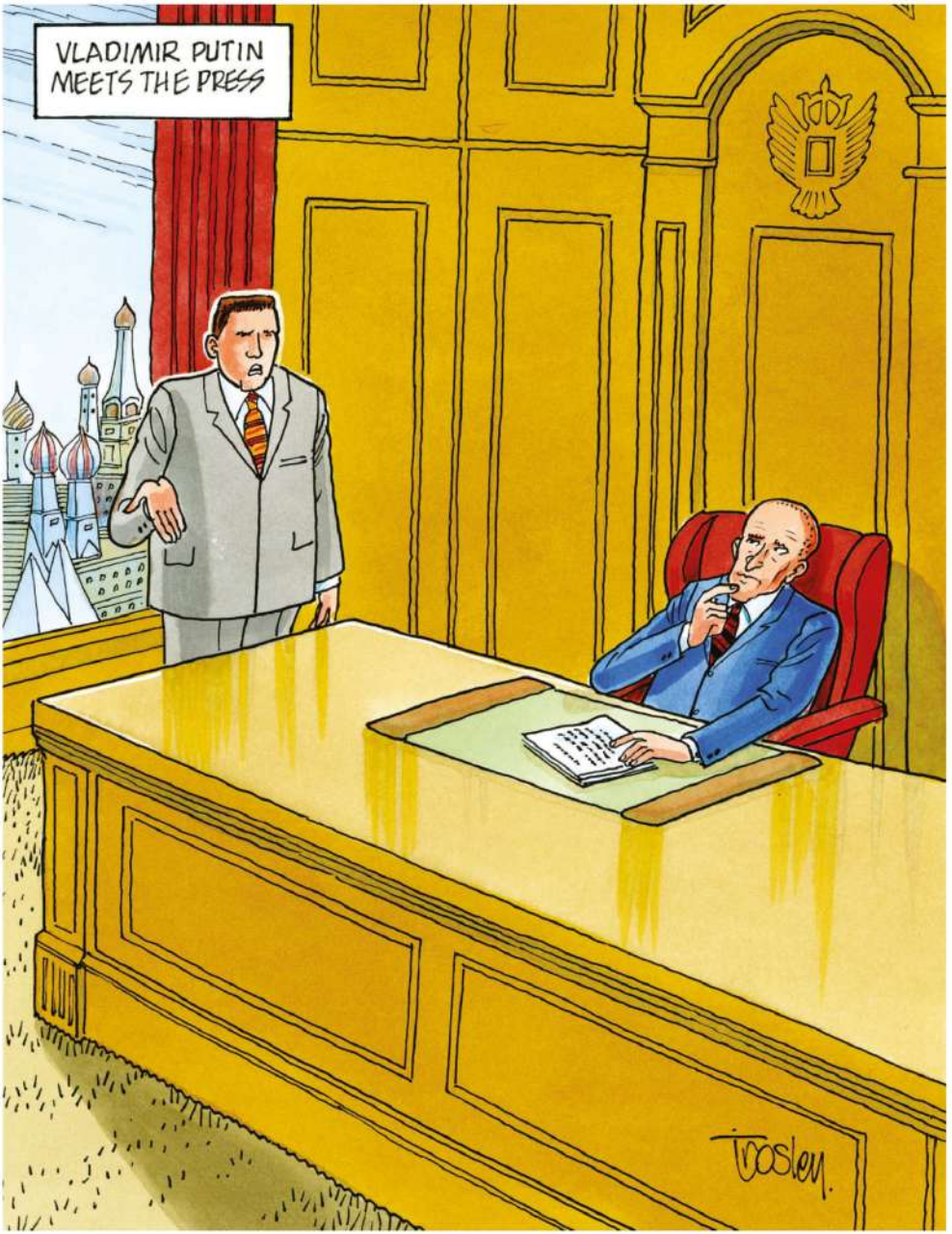

"Okay...but if you want to have a press conference, you'll have to release some journalists from prison."

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Cover photo by Victor Lightworship

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THE GOP JUST SOLD YOUR PORN HISTORY

In March Senate Republicans voted to repeal the Federal Communications Commission rules protecting the privacy of your online activity. The House followed suit, and Trump signed off on the stinker in April. Now the telecoms that provide your basic service can sell the records of what you do online to anyone or any company for any purpose whatsoever—your internet browsing history, geolocation history, phone call history—everything that you do online. And most people do everything online these days, from managing their bank accounts and medical care to surfing their favorite porn sites.

Google and Facebook, of course, already harvest all this private data and use it for targeted advertising, offering opt-in user policies that are forever creeping toward more intrusion and less privacy. Now Verizon, Comcast, Charter and other broadband providers can do the same thing, but with one big difference—while you can easily stop using Facebook or select a search engine other than Google, it's a lot harder to change broadband providers, especially in areas with only one or two offering service.

It's all about advertising, competition and innovation, the telecoms argued, but what we've learned in the last few years is that once your private activity escapes online, there's no telling where it will end up and for what purpose. Maybe what you do is perfectly legal, but nevertheless embarrassing. Many celebrities have been humiliated by pirated videos going viral, and many people have lost their jobs due to indiscreet postings.

The rollback is undoubtedly part of Trump's agenda to kill net neutrality, which the telecoms have fought for years. Instead of a level playing field, they want a two-tier internet—faster download speeds for favored sites that pay and the slow lane for everybody else.

It's no surprise that the GOP bent over for the corporations, as they always do, but it's grossly hypocritical for the supposed champions of the private sector to wail about government intrusion in our lives and then completely demolish protections against exploitation of our privacy.

In response to this new attack on the First Amendment, the Minnesota Senate voted to pass protections at the state level: Internet service providers must get Minnesota citizens' permission to sell their private browsing history. Several other states have either enacted or updated privacy laws.

Please lend your unconditional support to such efforts in your home state, or you can kiss any right to privacy goodbye and virtually invite Big Brother into your bedroom.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

"We have nothing to fear but fear itself…and a four-year Trump Presidency. That's some scary shit!"

SCARY APPRENTICE

WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET WITH PRESIDENT TRUMP, AND SO FAR IT ISN'T GOOD AT ALL.

Honestly, I have tried to cut Donald Trump some slack by refusing to pile on with the Russia-bashing. I strongly believe that it reflects an absurdly out-of-date Red-baiting of Vladimir Putin, a Christian who long ago rejected communism and is no less a crony capitalist than our own leaders, most obviously Trump himself.

Anyway, it is the United States that has led the way in cyberwarfare, routinely messing in other nations' elections and internal politics. (For example, tapping the cell phone conversations of Germany's chancellor and Brazil's president.) It is no secret that the good old USA under President Barack Obama did all it could to inflame anti-Russian dissent in Ukraine while expanding NATO membership right up to the Russian border.

The media and other obsessed detractors argue that Trump's questionable mental stability, tawdry behavior, venal personal greed and propensity to lie with abandon somehow disqualify him for the Presidency. That notion merely indicates how ignorant most folks are about his White House predecessors.

At least with Trump what you see is what you get. With their American Dream a fading memory, a good number of alienated white voters had reasons enough to abandon the restraints of common sense on Election Day.

Unbelievably, in hopes of restoring a measure of economic justice into their lives, they favored the Republican Party's candidate: a mean-spirited, self-centered wheeler-dealer who has hustled most of the people with whom he's done business. Economic justice in this country is a pipe dream; it isn't ever going to happen.

That much was made clear with Trump's budget proposal after only four months in office. Simply put, it would rob a vast number of Americans who are dealing with hard times while further enriching the fat cats on Wall Street and in corporate boardrooms who caused them. However, he was careful to pay off the defense industry, as he will certainly need the guys with guns—whether to distract the public by engaging in imperial adventures abroad or to restore order when suffering Americans say enough is enough.

During the next decade Trump proposes slashing $616 billion currently allocated to Medicaid and the Children's Health Insurance Program. Within the same timeframe he wants to increase defense spending by $469 billion!

Think about that ridiculous trade-off if, as Trump has assured us, the Cold War with Russia is truly over. Why in the world do we need to spend even $1 more to fight an enemy comprised largely of primitively-armed terrorists holed up in desert caves?

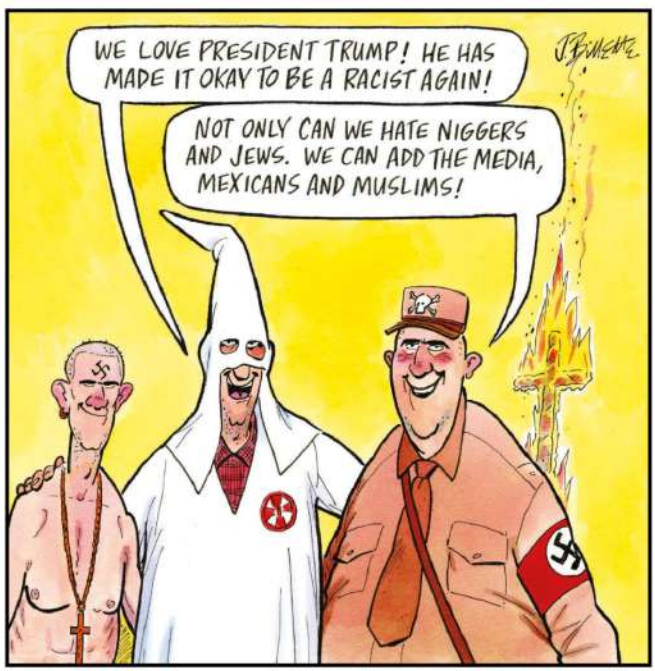
This whole War on Terrorism began in response to 19 ruthless hijackers armed with knives and box cutters on September 11, 2001. Fifteen of them came from Saudi Arabia and entered our country with perfectly legal passports issued by the Saudi government. Yet Trump, on the day his budget was announced, was in Saudi Arabia of all places, sealing a deal to sell $110 billion in sophisticated weaponry to a kingdom ruled by religious fanatics. Meanwhile, his new budget set aside $1.6 billion to build a wall along the border with Mexico.

What's up with that? Isn't it crazy to continue arming the country that has been the facilitator of deadly terrorist attacks on America while focusing "national security" vigilance on Mexicans who have no hostile agenda? Crazy as a fox.

The essence of neofascism, which is on the rise around the world, is to blame a country's most vulnerable people for problems that they did not create and that neofascists have no intention of fixing. During the Great Depression of the 1930s, Jews became these scapegoats in Germany, where massive unemployment and other causes led to Adolf Hitler's overthrow of a democratic government. In today's United States the scapegoats for our economic plight are Mexican farmworkers and domestic help.

Neofascism is the truly terrifying characteristic of the Trump Presidency. He became the Republicans' 2016 nominee by riding a wave of right-wing anti-Wall Street fervor that countered the progressive populism of Hillary Clinton challenger Bernie Sanders. The big difference is that right-wing populism plays the race card as its ace in the hole. Once Trump bet on his signature Muslim- and Mexican-bashing to help him prevail over Clinton, the GOP followed its madman down that bloodstained path. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*


WE LOVE PRESIDENT TRUMP! HE HAS MADE IT OKAY TO BE A RACIST AGAIN!
NOT ONLY CAN WE HATE NIGGERS AND JEWS. WE CAN ADD THE MEDIA, MEXICANS AND MUSLIMS!

"We're going for the insanity defense, so wear your 'Make America Great Again' Trump hat."

MORE WAR

HOW THE MEDIA, REPUBLICANS AND, YES, DEMOCRATS ARE CHEERING ON DONALD TRUMP'S MOST DANGEROUS LEGACY.

In early April, as President Donald Trump's approval ratings were near the lowest they'd been since taking office, a suspected chemical attack killed dozens of civilians—including many children—in the rebel-held Syrian town Khan Sheikhoun. Cable news networks aired gruesome video footage showing dozens of dead bodies and other victims writhing in agony.

Trump described the incident as "reprehensible" and quickly blamed Syrian President Bashar al-Assad. Barely 72 hours later he ordered a cruise-missile barrage targeting a Syrian airbase.

Four days after Trump's response, the White House released a declassified brief said to contain evidence supporting its conclusion that Assad was responsible for the chemical attack. By then the U.S. media, not to mention Republicans and Democrats alike in Congress, had lauded Trump's show of force. His public approval ratings shot back up. But there were some inconsistencies that few in the media or Congress were willing to address.

For a start, Syria and Russia denied responsibility for dispersing chemical weapons in Khan Sheikhoun. They claimed that the most likely cause was a Syrian missile strike on a cache of nerve gas stockpiled by rebels. Moreover, the Assad regime had been gaining considerable ground against ISIS and other opposition forces once Russia became a staunch military ally in Syria's civil war. Why risk international condemnation by using banned weapons in a conflict they were already winning?

According to Dr. Theodore A. Postol, the Khan Sheikhoun attack did not happen the way the report from the White House (*not* from the U.S. Intelligence Community) described it. Postol—a physicist, rocket-trajectory expert and professor emeritus at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—debunked the brief as "obviously false, misleading and amateurish." He told me, "The report contains absolutely no evidence that would indicate who was the perpetrator of this atrocity."

This wasn't the first time Postol had challenged conventional wisdom. During the first Gulf War the Pentagon and President George H.W. Bush touted the Patriot missile system, which ostensibly blew 41 of Iraq's Scud missiles out of the sky, missing only one. Postol reviewed videotapes and found that only 10% of the Patriots, and possibly none, had hit their target. He was eventually vindicated, but too late. Congress had already allocated billions of additional taxpayer dollars to the system.

The New York Times and PBS had previously reported Postol's findings. But in the wake of Trump's popular response to the televised horror in Syria, the former Pentagon adviser was ignored by the mainstream media.

"The national press corps is putting its hatred of Assad and its desire for regime change in Syria even above its contempt for Donald Trump and all his lies," Robert Parry told me. As an investigative journalist, he was part of the team that exposed the Iran-Contra scandal. "There's a desire to, first of all, be considered patriotic."

When I asked why the media, otherwise skeptical of Trump, has dropped the ball on Syria, Parry replied, "There's a tremendous downside to your career if you ask too many questions. I even saw that back in the '80s. It was always a struggle to get the stories that became Iran-Contra out, because there was a lot of resistance from my senior people at the Associated Press. Some of whom were World War II veteran types, and they didn't want to see their journalists undermining President Reagan, who they liked a lot."

While that could "explain" the failure of journalists, what about Congress? Trump's retaliatory strikes not only violated international law, but also U.S. law and the Constitution.

The President has no authorization to attack a sovereign nation without a Declaration of War by Congress. The War Powers Resolution, on the other hand, doesn't require Congressional consent, but it only applies in response to "a national emergency created by attack upon the United States, its territories or possessions, or its armed forces."

Sure, Trump's two predecessors ordered combat operations, aerial bombings and drone attacks in a number of countries. But they did so in accordance with an Authorization for Use of Military Force Against Terrorists—namely al-Qaeda and its "associated forces"—passed by Congress after 9/11. Even a wildly broad interpretation of "associated forces" couldn't justify a U.S. attack on Syrian military facilities or personnel. After all, Syria too is fighting al-Qaeda and other insurgent groups.

Under Trump the U.S. is using military force against both sides of another nation's civil war. Yet few Congressional Democrats or Republicans have complained about the President's hostile actions, much less authorized them. U.S.-led coalition jets targeted a Syrian military convoy in mid-May as Trump's approval ratings dipped again thanks to the controversial firing of the FBI director investigating him and his Presidential-campaign staffers for suspected collusion with Russia.

That country is none too happy either. Russian troops in Syria are at risk of being killed by U.S. missiles or bombs—a misstep that could trigger a war with another nuclear power.

The message from Congress: Donald Trump, or any future President, may use military force against any country at any time for any reason—rule of law and the U.S. Constitution be damned. The bar has been irrevocably lowered. The media won't complain and neither will Congress. How could they? Now that they've let a President issue illegal orders, how could they feign outrage the next time it happens? And it almost certainly will. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).

If there's so much sexual harassment at FOX News, then why are there still so many big-tittied blondes in tight skirts working there?
Those are the ones who sucked Bill O'Reilly's dick.
FOX News
MeLady.

KRIS KOBACH

Times seem bleak for progressives right now, with the GOP triumphant in the House and Senate and a seriously unstable egomaniac running the whole show. But the Republicans know that this is really a one-off. Demographic trends spell a near-certain reversal of fortune and unavoidable Democratic dominance within the next decade. The country is becoming more ethnically diverse, and that diverse population is clearly not welcome at the all-white-male GOP country club. Meanwhile, a majority of millennials actually favor socialism over capitalism in the polls. Horrors! As Joe McCarthy spins in his grave, his successors grasp for desperate measures to stem the tide.

Enter Kansas secretary of state Kris Kobach, now promoted to Trump's Presidential Advisory Commission on Election Integrity. Kansas is where Governor Sam Brownback created a disaster worse than Dorothy and Toto's twister: Like the free-market fundamentalism that botched the Iraq war reconstruction, Brownback's revolution not only devastated government services with massive corporate tax cuts, it did nothing to spur the promised private sector boom! Topeka didn't exactly become Baghdad, but Kansas's growth rate fell to nearly last in the nation.

As secretary of state, Kobach's contribution to Kansas was crafting the nation's most oppressive voter registration laws, all to cure the great national epidemic of "voter fraud"—a nonexistent problem that obsesses the right-wingnut crowd. Of course, the real scandal is that so few Americans bother to vote at all. We should draft laws to encourage, not deter them.

That "voter fraud" is a complete fraud in itself was actually demonstrated inadvertently by Kobach. The law he rammed through the Kansas legislature required voters to provide documentary proof of citizenship, such as a birth certificate or passport. Many people born in the U.S. do not possess their birth certificates; they may be stored somewhere in their mother's dusty attic in another state or lost. And many Americans have never traveled abroad and therefore never acquired a passport. This applies especially to young people, who now overwhelmingly favor progressive political candidates.

As a result, 36,000 Kansas citizens who had registered to vote at the Division of Motor Vehicles were suddenly disenfranchised. United States District Judge Julie Robinson issued an order to register more than 18,000 of these voters. Turns out the new Kansas law violated a provision in the 1993 National Voter Registration Act requiring the "minimum amount of information necessary" for voter eligibility. "Even if instances of non-citizens voting cause indirect voter disenfranchisement by diluting the votes of citizens," stated the judge, "such instances pale in comparison to the number of qualified citizens who have been disenfranchised by this law."

Exactly. Tens of thousands of unjustly purged versus a grand total of six people convicted of illegal voting under Kobach's reign, and all six were confused elderly people who didn't realize they had done anything wrong. One such victim, Randall Kilian, was investing in a new retirement property in Colorado when he received a mail-in ballot about pot legalization in that state. He marked that issue only—"No"—and mailed the ballot in, following the printed instructions. The prosecutor of Ellis County, where Kilian lived, investigated, determined it was an innocent mistake (voting in a state where he didn't have residence) and wisely declined to prosecute. But then Kobach went after this 63-year-old and forced him to pay a $2,500 fine, plus thousands in attorney fees. That is the measure of an insufferable Asshole with a political ax to grind.

In possibly the nation's most thorough study of voter fraud, California law professor Justin Levitt found a total of 31 "credible allegations" of voter impersonation out of the 1 billion votes cast between 2000 and 2014. But none of this contrary evidence stops Kobach from hyping voter fraud as a grave threat to the Republic. He's echoed Trump's bullshit claim that the Donald lost the popular vote due to "millions" of illegal votes against him, including supposed hordes of people bused from Massachusetts to New Hampshire to clinch Hillary Clinton's victory there. But even Republican leaders in New Hampshire dismiss this delusion.

Former Republican state chairman Steve Duprey stated, "Repeating: There is no voter fraud in NH. None. Zip. Nada. Hundreds of lawyers, poll workers, watchers, press—no buses rolled in." Former state attorney general Thomas Rath: "Allegations of voter fraud in NH are baseless, without any merit—it's shameful to spread these fantasies." Former Republican state chairman Fergus Cullen offered, "I will pay $1,000 to first person proving even one out-of-state person took bus from MA to any NH polling place last Election Day."

No one has yet collected on Fergus Cullen's reward, and Trump did not even challenge the New Hampshire vote based on these wild allegations. Hell, even the GOP's favorite network, Fox News, called Kobach on the voter-fraud BS in an interview with Neil Cavuto: "We're wasting our time, aren't we?" and "You're chasing a ghost."

Before this witch hunt, Kobach worked under U.S. Attorney General John Ashcroft to create a "Muslim registry" after 9/11 (the NSEERS screening and tracking system) that required visiting male citizens from 25 mostly Arab countries to be fingerprinted and monitored. After failing to secure a single terrorism conviction, the program was suspended in 2011 and ultimately ended in 2016. It succeeded only in alienating the very countries and communities cooperating to fight terrorism. Now Kobach is spearheading Trump's xenophobic wet dream of bringing back that Muslim registry.

Our Asshole of the Month also helped craft Arizona's notorious SB 1070 immigration law ("Papers, please"). Like his Muslim registry, SB 1070 succeeded only in discouraging immigrants from cooperating in police investigations. Even fellow Republicans—including Jeb Bush, Karl Rove and former Texas governor Rick Perry—thought the Arizona law was idiotic. Ever since, Kobach has been the go-to guy for other states trying to usurp the federal government's sole authority to enforce immigration law with their own cockamamy schemes.

A perfect sidekick to Trump, Krazy Kobach was also a full-fledged "birther," insanely obsessed with Obama's birth certificate even after Hawaii released the long form. What really lies behind all this stupid ghost chasing is dog-whistling racism. On his Kansas radio show, Kobach seemed to agree with a caller that it would not be "a huge jump" for the Obama Administration to stop prosecuting "any black person accused of a crime." On another broadcast he said that Obama, a Harvard law professor and Illinois senator before becoming President, was an unworthy product of "affirmative action culture." And about the growing Latino population: "If you look at it in ethnic terms… you've got a locked-in vote for socialism." The Kansas senate minority leader called Kobach "the most racist politician in America today," and the Kansas Democratic Party and others have cited a quote in Kobach's Harvard thesis that justified South Africa's apartheid "in the name of political stability." He's stated that LGBT organizations support "homosexual pedophilia," and insisted that behind challenges to his voter ID law were "the ACLU and their fellow communist friends, the League of Women Voters."

The Reds are behind it all! We thought this kind of deranged thinking died with ol' Tail Gunner Joe McCarthy, but the idiocy survives in cynical, lying bastards like Kris Kobach, having now romped on the yellow-brick road to join his beloved wizard in the White House. Enjoy it while it lasts, Asshole—you'll be back in Kansas soon enough. H

PHOTO BY MARK REINSTEIN/ALAMY

DEATH BY DICK

Richard Patterson, 65, was recently acquitted of second-degree murder after trial arguments pointed to the fact that his partner's death was an accident—poor woman might have choked on his prick. Where else could this craziness have happened but in Florida (birthplace of bath-salt abuse). After all, the Sunshine State let Casey Anthony free. The real question is, did he finish? Did he know she was dead when he came? Part of the prosecutor's argument for murder was that the man didn't call 911 right away. Obviously this is a sad story—a woman died and all that—still, the case is ridiculous on so many levels. Focus on this fact: The defendant offered to show the jury a photo of his fuckstick as evidence. As evidence. Which means he believed his poker was huge enough to choke his lover, huge enough to be a deadly weapon. Instead, the judge went with the medical examiner's testimony that "accidental death by big cock" was a possible possibility. Normally, a man accused of murder might find it difficult to get a date, but in this instance the trial was likely an advertisement of sorts for Richard aka Dick.

SPOILER ALERT: JACKIE O LOVED MONEY

"I don't think there are any men who are faithful to their wives." —JACQUELINE KENNEDY, FORMER FIRST LADY

When will Americans end their obsession with Jackie O? Never. The iconoclastic First Lady has forever been fawned over for being beautiful, soft-spoken, graceful and elegant. Jackie O was so perfect, it's hard to even imagine her stooping to mundane acts like gargling or pissing. (It's widely believed that if Jackie O did urinate, she peed pink champagne.) Which is why HUSTLER rocked the world when we published nude photos of Jackie in August of 1975. The pictures were amazing—the lithe beauty totally tanned and strutting around a Greek beach in nothing but her bush. It was Jackie as only a few choice men had seen her, and we gave the entire country a peek.

Decades later, the obsession still hasn't ended. A new biography titled *The Afterlife of John Fitzgerald Kennedy* by historian Micheal Hogan exposes new secrets about America's favorite First Lady. Hogan describes Jackie as a detached, guarded person. She spent "obscene amounts of money" on French fashions designed specifically for her, requesting that no "fat little women [be] hopping around" in them. The book details how the Kennedys hosted raucous, raging parties. Debauchery often ensued, and one evening it's alleged that Vice President Lyndon Johnson was so wasted, he face-planted on his way out the door. Hogan further attests that Jackie O smoked like a chimney and developed an addiction to amphetamines.

We don't want to give away all the details, because it's a juicy little book. Apparently Jacqueline wasn't perfect after all, thank God, which makes us love her even more.

THE REAL FAKE NEWS: TRUMP SEEKS ASYLUM IN RUSSIA

PHOTO BY ALEKSANDR LUKJANOV/ALAMY

As the likelihood of President Trump's impeachment grows, a new shock leak from the White House reveals that he is desperately seeking political asylum in Moscow.

"It's what we call the Edward Snowden Project, or ESP," an anonymous source in the White House states. "Vladimir Putin has made it very clear that political asylum will be granted to any American willing to pay his way in with U.S. government secrets, and who knows more than Donald Trump? He has already shared many of them with the Russians anyway. Now he's ready to cash in with everything else he can remember in return for political asylum."

The source insists that the President is terrified by growing demands to throw him in prison. He realizes that the jig is up and that the American people have turned against him. "Negotiations are at an advanced stage," the source claims. "In return for America's nuclear codes and a list of the country's secret agents in Russia, Mr. Trump will be given a modest dacha on the coast of the Black Sea, together with unlimited access to Fox News, CNN and MSNBC."

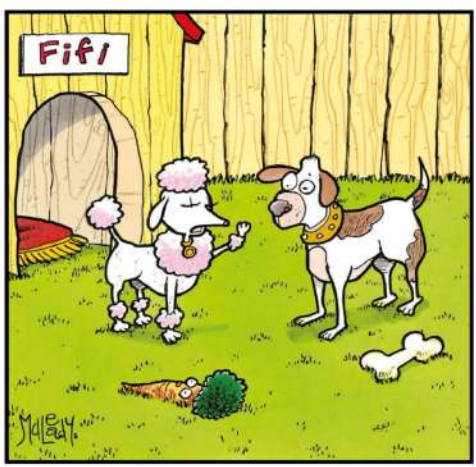
The source adds that Mr. Trump has laid down some conditions of his own, including bringing his golf clubs and his daughter Ivanka. He refuses to be separated from his cell phone and is demanding that he be allowed to maintain his Twitter account and receive daily servings of six Oreos, accompanied by two scoops of ice cream.

Trump's wife Melania and their son Barron are not included in the deal, nor are his sons Eric, Don Jr. and his other daughter, whose name the source cannot recall. For a while Steve Bannon was a candidate for inclusion, but Putin rejected the idea, insisting on minimum levels of personal hygiene.

Trump and Ivanka are expected to flee the country next April Fools' Day, since most Americans will think the report of their escape is just a joke. "However, this is deadly serious," concludes the source. "Trump is already America's greatest traitor, and this will seal his place in history." Move over, Benedict Arnold!

***DISCLAIMER: THIS IS FAKE NEWS AND IS NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. FOR FAKE NEWS THAT IS MEANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, TUNE IN TO* FOX & FRIENDS.**

"I tried to surprise the ol' lady and wake her up with some oral sex—but she gagged on it and almost threw up!"



"Sorry, I never sniff ass on the first date."

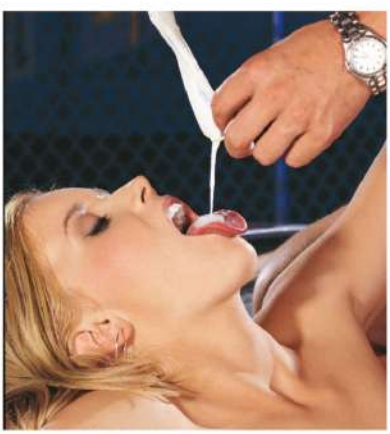
"News is what somebody somewhere wants to suppress; all the rest is advertising."—ALFRED HARMSWORTH, PUBLISHING MAGNATE

AUDITION FOR PRISON

PHOTO COURTESY HUSTER VIDEO

A man in Kansas, named Mario Antoine, has admitted to tricking dozens of women into having sex with him by pretending to be a porn mogul. Not only was he duping women by promising them stardom and payment, but when they complained that he wasn't holding up his end of the bargain, he blackmailed them with the same erotic images he fooled them into making. America has had some grade-A sleazebags—think Bill Cosby and President Trump—but this dude takes the cake. It can only be speculated that either this motherfucker is the worst lover ever or simply has a microscopic penis. Lucky for him, he has ten long years in prison to work on his lovemaking skills. He'll probably spend more time receiving than giving, but practice is practice. We're sure there will be plenty of inmates who will want to audition him for their bitch. He may get more roles than he'd like. If you're starting to feel sorry for the guy, consider this tidbit from the d-bag's scheme: When women complained about not getting paid, he sent images of their sexual activity to employers and family. People need to know about assholes like this so they can steer clear and be less trusting. Mario Antoine, if you still want to get into porn, maybe you should try a solo video and go fuck yourself!

"Use a condom. The world doesn't need another you." —CARROLL BRYANT, AUTHOR



FLAVOR OF LOVE

Mankind Pharma, makers of Manforce condoms, has cornered the prophylactic market in India with flavored condoms. According to the online magazine *Quartz*, flavored rubbers account for nearly half of India's condom sales. In a country that seems fairly conservative and not too open when it comes to discussing sex, it's interesting that such a kinky specialty sex item would become so popular. In 2012 Sunny Leone was hired by Mankind to promote Manforce condoms, which probably helped them corner the market, since she is *the* most googled celebrity in India. Flavors range from green apple to butterscotch, but chocolate is definitely the biggest seller.

Millennials in India are the largest consumers of condoms, and their more progressive attitudes toward sex have contributed to the spike not just in flavored condoms but condoms in general. It follows that a rise in butterscotch rubbers likely coincides with a rise in oral sex. Younger generations are more experimental and have been exposed to American porn more than ever thanks to the internet and the easy access smart devices provide. Only time will tell if the country will become more blowjob-friendly than the West, but chocolate condoms seem to be a step in the right direction. We're rooting for you, India!

WE LOOOOOVE EATING THAT SWEET PUSSY...
...ESPECIALLY WITH YOU THERE...
1-800-LESBIANS
SO CALL US NOW!
...WATCHING, STROKING IT FOR US!!!
A085H
$0.99-$2.99 per/min. Premium and access fees may apply. Adults 18+.

1-800-SUCK-DICK!
YOUR COCK: MY MOUTH!
A086H
$0.99-$2.99 per/min. Premium and access fees may apply. Adults 18+.

Model Mojo

I am an average "working-class Joe" who has enjoyed your magazine for the past 20-plus years. I have seen many stars come and go (so to speak). My subscription not only gives me something to look forward to each month, but also adds to my mojo with my amazingly sexually satisfying wife.

Every once in a while a model who literally drives me crazy comes along. I have never written to *Feedback*. However, Tiffany Watson ("Wild Thing," February '17) has pulled my strings and sparked this letter to your establishment. Besides looking as every porn star should—exhibiting personality with her facial expressions—Tiffany sports a body that mesmerizes my mind and senses.

Is it possible to bring Tiffany Watson back for another pictorial? I hope to see more of her soon!

—H. Mungus
Eagle, Idaho

We'll certainly keep your suggestion in mind, Mr. Mungus. And much thanks for your loyal subscription to HUSTLER.

Sound Advice

Don't end up like *The Howard Stern Show* is today—a borefest. But keep making fun of Donald Trump. He is a huge loser, with all his stupid budget cutbacks and wasteful spending on vacations. Don't ever change, Mr. Larry Flynt. And please bring back the life-size posters and run them in your Anniversary and January issues.

—Justise Walker
Bellingham, Washington

Flynt Disciple

You have not had *Feedback* since the May '17 issue, so I haven't been able to tell other readers what I think is smashing and what is not illustrious. I have one small complaint. If I may be arrogantly unromantic, there are too many man-and-woman layouts in HUSTLER. Perhaps I have an inferiority complex, but I'd much rather look at the centerfold Honeys, which I have collected for a long time.

Tiffany Watson mesmerized readers as our February '17 centerfold.

I'm a self-educated biblical scholar. I don't have a television, telephone or music and no newspapers or computer. For worldly events I trust Larry Flynt's opinions. Looking at his *Publisher's Statement* photo, I can see that he has aged, like myself, but he seems to be in fine health. Good for him; good for us. **—Stephen Hutchinson, Kansas**

Captivated Fan

I am totally thrilled by the pictures of Rahyndee James ("Captivating," July '17). I had never heard of her, much less seen her before. But several of Rahyndee's photos are the sexiest I have seen of any woman in a long time. James Banasiak shot an outstanding layout of this babe.

Let me get to the point: The photo of Rahyndee on the reverse of her centerfold is absolutely, positively the best picture of a woman standing up totally naked that I have seen in years! She is just so darling standing there showing herself off. **—Bill Smith**
Chicago, Illinois

Toxic Airhead

Environmental Protection Agency administrator Scott Pruitt stated that carbon dioxide is *not* the "primary cause" of global warming. Forget about the tons of data collected by Earth scientists, who keep a careful eye out for any kind of temperature change with incredibly sensitive and accurate instruments.

When Earth reaches the point of no return—due to the increased concentration of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere—it will become as hot as the uninhabitable planet Venus. Then we're all dead.

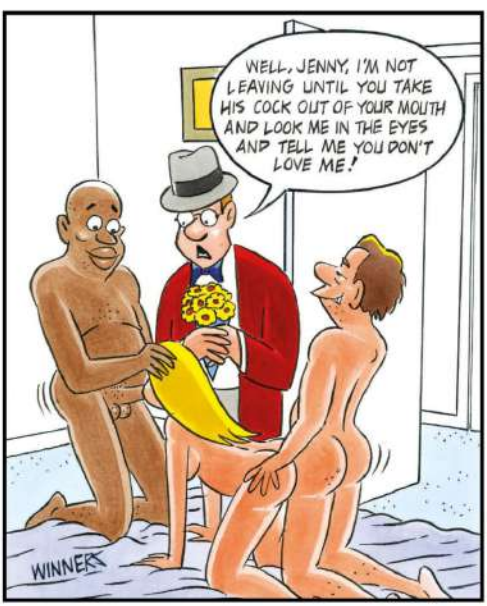
Pruitt should understand the basic premise of science: It's not what you think; it's what you can prove. Global warming is real, and the Trump gang is hell-bent on being the primary cause of humanity's extinction. I nominate Scott Pruitt for Asshole of the Month. **—George Gerhab**
Hellertown, Pennsylvania

'Bama Babe

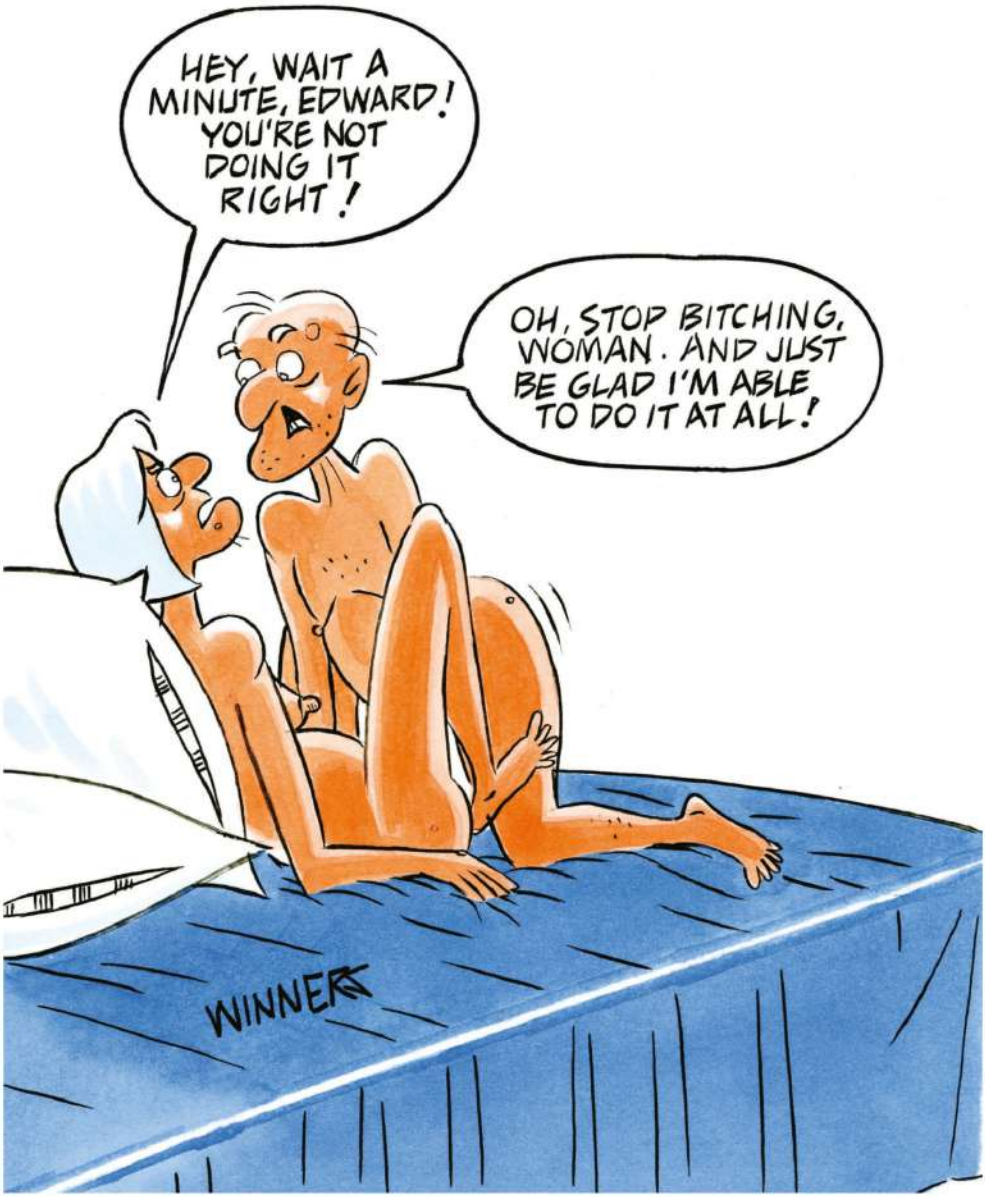
The May '17 issue was amazing! Josie Sparks ("Connection") and Blair Williams ("Sweet Salvation") were hot and sexy! By the time I got to my favorite part of the mag, *Beaver Hunt*, I was so hard that I was going crazy. As usual, you didn't disappoint me.

Odette, the three-hole country girl from Alabama, sent me to fantasyville. I would love to see her become a HUSTLER Honey and star in a hardcore movie. How about calling it *Talladega Gangbang*? The pit crew takes turns with her, and a checkered flag is waved when they're finished—splashing loads on her pretty face. This lady was born to fuck. Please give us more Odette. **—S.C.**
Kansas City, Missouri

Thanks for climbing on the Odette bandwagon, S.C. She's one of our standout amateur models vying for a *Beaver of the Year* pictorial.


WELL, JENNY, I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL YOU TAKE HIS COCK OUT OF YOUR MOUTH AND LOOK ME IN THE EYES AND TELL ME YOU DON'T LOVE ME!
WINNER

Congratulations to H. Mungus from Eagle, Idaho, for sending in our *Feedback* Letter of the Month. The longtime loyal subscriber will soon be soaring like an eagle. We're going to send him a nice gift from the HUSTLER store. Want to be next month's winner? Send your letter (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email it to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.


HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, EDWARD! YOU'RE NOT DOING IT RIGHT!
OH, STOP BITCHING, WOMAN. AND JUST BE GLAD I'M ABLE TO DO IT AT ALL!
WINNER

ANNA LEE

WICKED GOOD

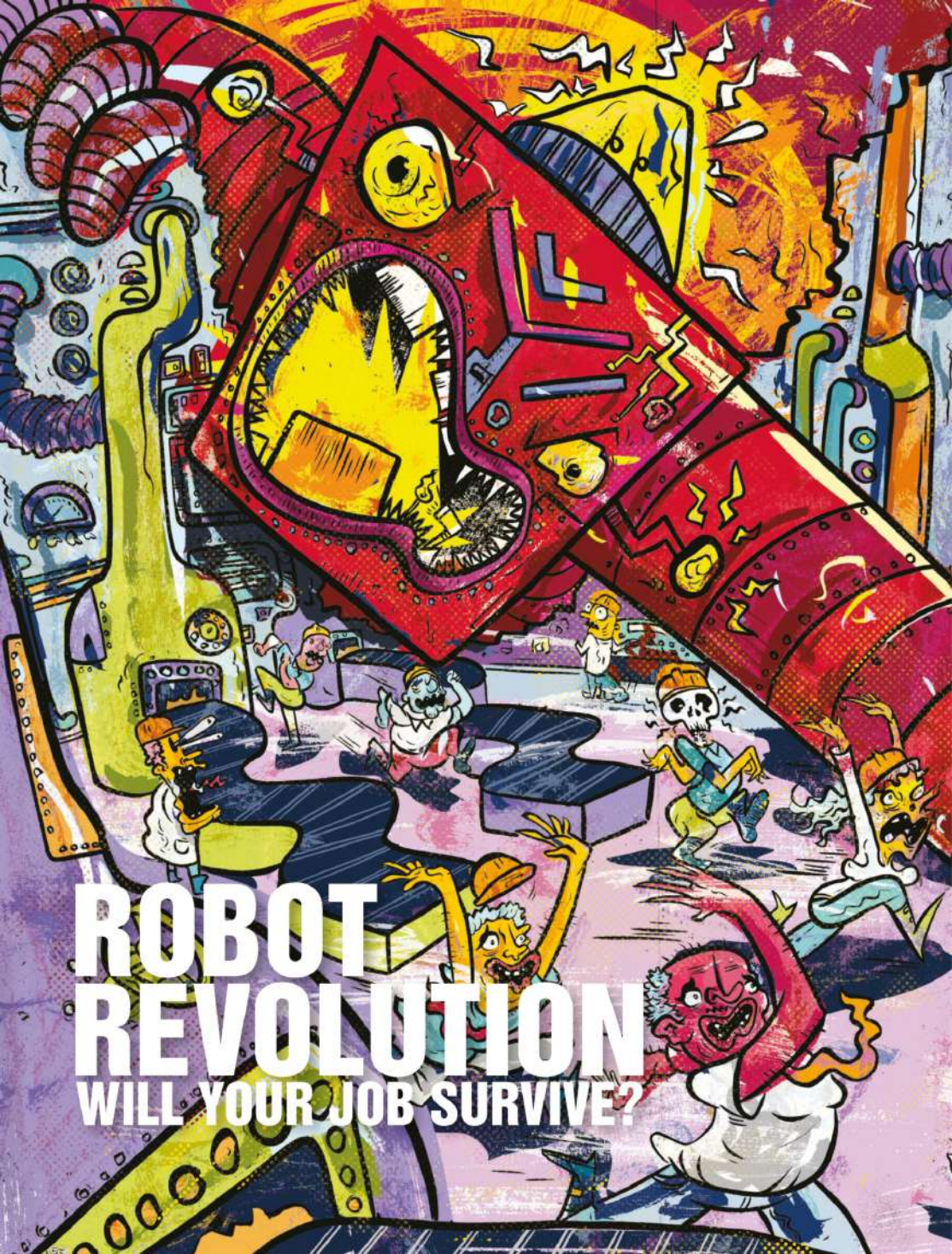
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PRESTON GEOFFREY PARKER

I once had sex in the bed of a pickup truck going through a Burger King drive-thru. It was my idea. I've always been a very sexual person. I was with my boyfriend, and his friend was driving. I whispered that I wanted to fuck, then pulled my dress up and my panties down. He fucked me while his friend ordered the food. We giggled the whole time.

"One thing my fans don't know is that I lead a double life. Aside from my adult work, I'm a devoted full-time university student studying nutritional science and alternative medicine. My education is very important to me. I'm a multifaceted individual who loves exercising, yoga, painting and nature almost as much as I do fucking."

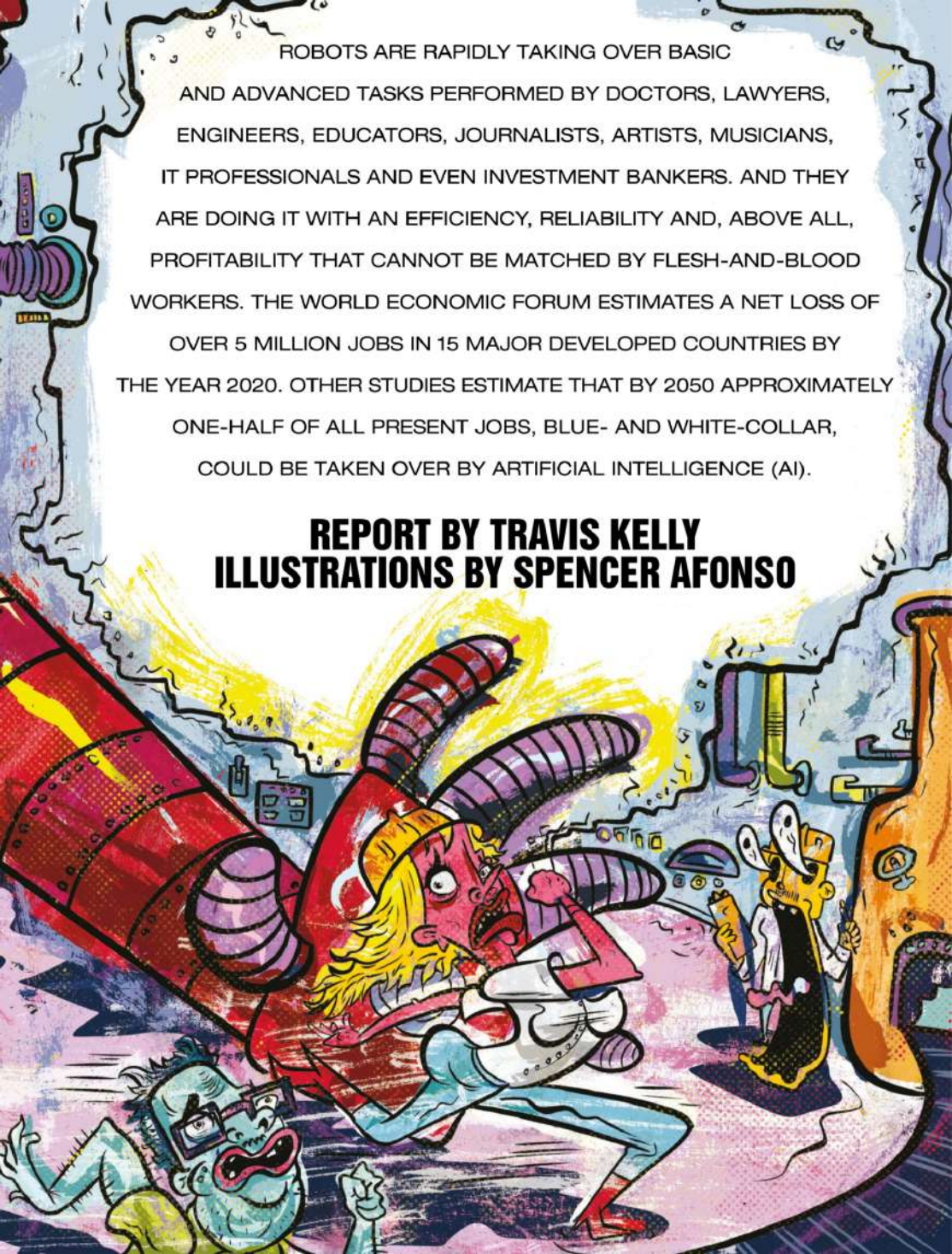
ANNA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Orlando, Florida** | AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **32B-25-32** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Girl on top**


ROBOT
REVOLUTION
WILL YOUR JOB SURVIVE?

ROBOTS ARE RAPIDLY TAKING OVER BASIC AND ADVANCED TASKS PERFORMED BY DOCTORS, LAWYERS, ENGINEERS, EDUCATORS, JOURNALISTS, ARTISTS, MUSICIANS, IT PROFESSIONALS AND EVEN INVESTMENT BANKERS. AND THEY ARE DOING IT WITH AN EFFICIENCY, RELIABILITY AND, ABOVE ALL, PROFITABILITY THAT CANNOT BE MATCHED BY FLESH-AND-BLOOD WORKERS. THE WORLD ECONOMIC FORUM ESTIMATES A NET LOSS OF OVER 5 MILLION JOBS IN 15 MAJOR DEVELOPED COUNTRIES BY THE YEAR 2020. OTHER STUDIES ESTIMATE THAT BY 2050 APPROXIMATELY ONE-HALF OF ALL PRESENT JOBS, BLUE- AND WHITE-COLLAR, COULD BE TAKEN OVER BY ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE (AI).

REPORT BY TRAVIS KELLY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SPENCER AFONSO



A capitalist's dream, robots are incredibly cheap compared to a human workforce. The iron law of our new global market is this: Go with the absolute cheapest labor, wherever or whatever it is. The economic salvation Trump promised—reshoring businesses and limiting immigration—will do nothing for the idled and lost in our decaying Rust Belt. American corporations are coming back home, but increasingly they're employing robots, not humans. The one-percent who own and manage the corporations will rake in even greater fortunes, while your cousin in Pittsburgh remains unemployed.

Robots are perfect employees: They never show up late for work. They don't join unions and go on strike. They don't take bathroom breaks, lunch breaks, sick days or maternity leave. They don't need health insurance or weekends off. They don't gossip around the water cooler or fuck the secretary in the closet, and they always obey the boss. Plus, they can work overtime nonstop.

We're all familiar with Windows, Mac OS and Unix, the operating systems that power our computers and the web. Meet the new kid on the block, ROS (Robot Operating System), now controlling an explosion of new products being developed in Silicon Valley: robotic systems that completely automate precision manufacturing, store and transport goods in warehouses, operate heavy equipment in mining and agriculture, help construct buildings and bridges, and generally do all the remaining heavy lifting that humans still do today. Meanwhile AI is already doing much of the heavy mental lifting performed by professionals.

SERVICE SECTOR

Let's start on the bottom rung of the employment ladder. Three of the lowest-paying jobs in America are about to disappear: warehouse worker, cashier and burger-flipper. McDonald's and Wendy's are installing self-service kiosks in their restaurants to counteract minimum-wage hikes in many cities. A new San Francisco company, Momentum Machines, Inc., is gearing up to fully automate the production of gourmet hamburgers. Continuing its quest for total world domination, Amazon's new Go retail store will allow shoppers to pick sensored items off shelves and head straight to the parking lot—no tiresome checkout lanes. Your whole grocery list will be billed wirelessly to your Amazon account. A friendly R2-D2 may help you load sacks in the trunk.

AGRICULTURE

You might think that if things get really bad job-prospect-wise, you could at least survive by becoming a migrant farmworker. Forget it, *amigo*. Harvest Automation, a Massachusetts-based robotic company, estimates that its robots will be able to perform 40% of the manual agricultural labor now required in France and Europe within the foreseeable future. The Australian Centre for Field Robotics envisions robots in the fields, monitoring soil samples and injecting the ideal amount of fertilizer, water and insecticide for each plant, reducing irrigation loss and chemical runoff. *Lo siento, José, no tenemos trabajo.*

TRANSPORTATION

Self-driving cars are already prowling the streets in several cities. Soon massive automated truck convoys will be delivering our goods interstate, eliminating today's equivalent of the cowboy—the long-haul trucker. Google plans to own and operate automated cars in the near future, using them like a gigantic taxi service to compete with ride-sharing options like Uber. Just summon one with your cell phone, and you never have to worry about breakdowns, insurance, oil changes, traffic tickets or ramming a school bus while you're changing music. The millennial generation seems to be on board with this "socialist" model, with many eschewing private car ownership. There have been a few accidents with automated cars, but the whole industry is in its Model T stage now and rapidly improving. One thing that your shiny new RoboLexus will never do: drive drunk.

While Amazon, Google and UPS are experimenting with aerial drones for package delivery, other companies are now deploying ground-delivery robots in Redwood City, California, and Washington, D.C. They look like igloo coolers on wheels, slowly rolling between joggers and pedestrians on the sidewalks.

Can't attend that important conference or trade show in a far-off city? No problem. You can rent and control a "remote presence" from Suitable Technologies. A robot will scoot around displaying your face on its screen while piping back audiovisual to your living room. You can even speak and interact with real people—or other remotely controlled robots—at the venue. Always wanted to visit Bangkok and see all the weird, kinky sex offerings there, but maybe your budget or mobility is limited? Remote-presence tourism may be on the horizon soon. Your slavish rent-a-bot has you virtually going where no invalid or pauper has ever gone before.

LEGAL

New computer systems are scanning, searching and analyzing the mountains of tedious documents America produces every year, streamlining the legal system and sending many paralegals and assistants to the unemployment office.

ENGINEERING

Computer algorithms are producing designs competitive with the work of human engineers and scientists, including electric circuit design, mechanical systems, optics, software repair and civil engineering.

JOURNALISM

Narrative Science's software is being used by *Forbes* and other periodicals to write automated articles about business, sports, politics and a host of other subjects, both online and for print. The software can generate a different news story every 30 seconds. The company's cofounder predicts that 90% of news stories will be written using machine intelligence by 2030. An operator feeds in the peculiar details, and the program crafts the story based on similar articles in its memory banks.

FINANCE

The whole destabilizing, magic money-making casino of modern Wall Street—collateralized debt obligations, derivatives trading and currency speculation—has been enabled by powerful computer programs, analyzing vast quantities of data and making light-speed trades to exploit the margins. While financial industry profits have soared since the great 2008 bust, total employment on Wall Street has declined. Between 2008 and 2011 two-thirds of all stock market trades were made by algorithmic programs. Roughly half of all equity trades in the U.S. are currently implemented through high-frequency trading. Lloyd Blankfein no longer needs Gordon Gekko. >>

EDUCATION

The explosion of MOOCs—Massive Open Online Courses—is revolutionizing education. Colleges have offered online courses for years, but with new private start-ups offering every curriculum for low-cost or even free (*open* means "open source") to a global market, elite education can now be pursued by even the poorest wannabe student. One advocate suggests that MOOCs could "unlock a billion more brains to solve the world's biggest problems."

The first big one to solve: employing all those professors, adjuncts and research assistants who will face living like a poor wannabe student. MOOCs have not been very successful so far, however; only 15% of enrollees complete their courses. Maybe the courses need a charismatic Siri-like avatar professor to synthesize that missing human touch.

MEDICINE

Here is where robotics and AI may offer net positive effects. Radiologists undergo years of long, rigorous training, and their prices reflect it. But AI programs are already getting better, on average, at analyzing X-rays, MRIs and other medical metrics, which could result in lower rates—*if* corporations pass the savings on to the patients. IBM's famous Watson program—the one that defeated two human *Jeopardy!* champs—is now being used by hospitals to help diagnose symptoms and prescribe proper treatment.

Medical misdiagnosis and malpractice are major causes of mortality, because no single doctor or team of doctors, however diligent and up-to-date, can master the glut of new medical research and experience available online. But Watson can, ensuring fewer mistakes out of ignorance, confusion or sloth. Intelligent robots that prepare prescriptions and drug injections are relatively infallible. 3D printing programs in development will allow a patient's organs to be fabricated from stem cells, eliminating the problem of transplant rejection. A major boom industry is seen in robots designed to manage care of the elderly as Japan, Russia and many European nations face rapidly aging populations and smaller workforces.

And then there is the whole new world of prosthetics, going beyond artificial hips, knees and cochlear implants to complete vision systems for the blind and robotic limbs for the crippled, controlled by the patient's wired nervous system/chip interface after sufficient training. Brain cells have been merged with electrical circuits and implanted in experimental animals, suggesting that someday you might be able to plug a wirelessly connected external hard drive into a socket in your skull and compensate for brain damage, extend your memory or boost knowledge and intelligence. The first primitive cyborgs already walk among us, and they will certainly evolve.

MILITARY

One of the more terrifying monsters created thus far is Boston Dynamics' BigDog, a load-transporting mechanical creature developed under DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) funding and the Army Research Laboratory's RCTA program. The headless, horse-size robot has four legs that amble, jump and climb. It can even slip and regain its balance on a slick sheet of ice. The same company has produced Cheetah, a robot capable of running over 29 mph—a mechanical apex predator invulnerable to all but the most powerful counter ordnance. DARPA has also birthed powered exoskeleton suits for flesh-and-blood soldiers, vastly multiplying their strength and endurance. With special helmets reading brain waves, pilots have learned to control some functions of an aircraft by mind alone. Quadriplegics are using similar technology.

It's a sad fact that much of the technological progress throughout human history has been spurred by military objectives, and we can be certain that DARPA and other military agencies will lead the way in development of ever more capable drones, cyborgs and AI systems that automate warfare. Future wars may well include robots fighting robots.

ARTS

The final indignity! You would think the one field that defines and expresses our essential humanity would be immune to machine competition—but you would be underestimating the power and scope of AI. The programs now writing published news articles will, like many a journalist before them, migrate eventually to writing fiction. CGI has advanced so far in Hollywood that purely digital actors (avatars) and animals are almost indistinguishable from their live counterparts. Dead stars have been digitally resurrected for cameo appearances in some films. Avatar actors won't erupt like prima donnas on the set, they won't demand astronomical salaries, and most importantly they never age.

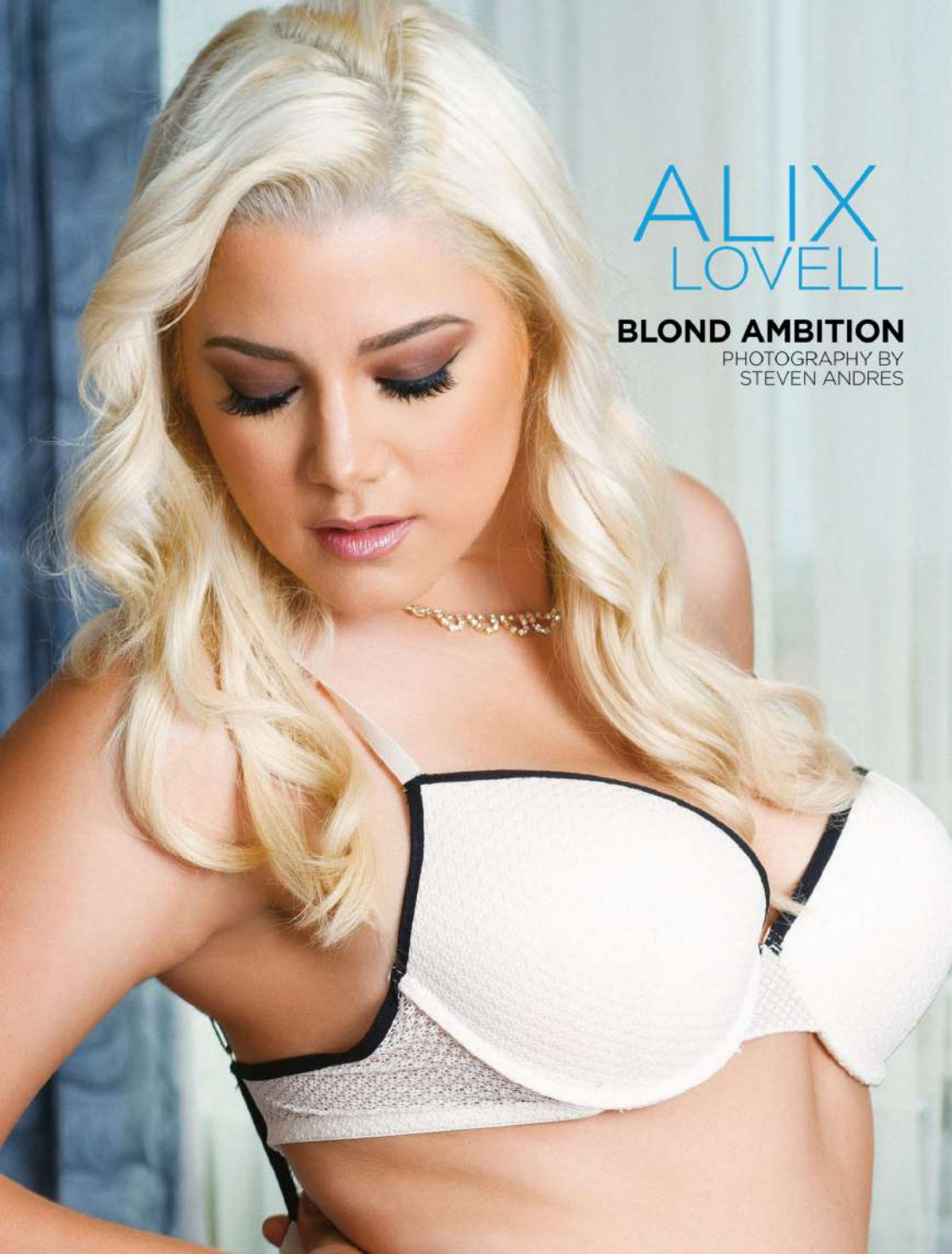
In 2012 the London Symphony Orchestra performed *Transits—Into an Abyss*, completely composed by a computer program, to positive reviews. Another company sells the Painting Fool software that scans and analyzes emotion in faces—either photographs or in person—before painting an abstract or expressionist portrait. Hell, even the legacy of Vincent van Gogh is threatened!

In the most interesting and enduring sci-fi films—*Blade Runner* and Spielberg's *A.I.*—the robots have evolved not only to think and act like us, but to look and feel like us. The Japanese are leading the way here. Osaka University professor Hiroshi Ishiguro stunned the world in 2010 with an android that looks and speaks like his dead-ringer twin. In fact, he has produced a whole menagerie of male and female androids ready for employment. "How about a fashion model?" asks Hiroshi. "Or newscasters and receptionists—even famous movie stars. Androids never get old, and so you can keep a young identity by creating an android that will last forever."

One role he didn't mention: the world's oldest profession. With the 3D printing of biological organs, fusion of electronics with organic nerves and other cyborg developments, Jude Law's gigolo in Spielberg's *A.I.* is not far off. He could go all night and as long as you want, programmed to analyze you and cater to your every secret wish. And he won't leave the toilet seat up! For gentlemen, the hottest supermodel will come in several flavors with a fully functioning vagina and the talent to, in Willie Nelson's immortal words, "suck the chrome off a trailer hitch." Just don't take your new playmates to the beach.

"Artificial intelligence is rapidly growing and progressing," Hiroshi continues. "For example, deep learning. If we use deep learning, we can have human-like visual functions, auditory functions, and probably in the near future the robot can have a human- >>

(continued on page 92)



ALIX LOVELL

BLOND AMBITION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEVEN ANDRES

I'm naturally submissive and a real pleaser. I find it more rewarding to give than receive. There's something about going down on another person, man or woman, and seeing how much they're enjoying your skills.

"What drives me wild in bed? A combination of two things: lingering, seductive eye contact and sensual aggressiveness. I need to know that you want every inch of me. I love being grabbed and handled. It makes me melt.

"Personally I think working behind the scenes is as much fun as working in front of the camera. In fact, I'd like to start my own production company someday. I just love the adult industry."

ALIX'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Riverside, California** | AGE: **25** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **36DD-29-41** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Spoon** | TWITTER: **@XAlixLovellX**

"I LOVE MY ANIMALS, I CALL THEM MY FUR BABIES SINCE I DON'T HAVE ANY CHILDREN. I'VE HAD MY THREE DOGS AND MY HORSE THROUGH ALL THE UPS AND DOWNS IN MY LIFE, AND THEY HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THERE FOR ME. I DON'T KNOW WHERE I WOULD BE WITHOUT THEM!"

BRETT ROSSI
@ImBrettRossi · July '17 Honey

"HER NAME IS DOOGIE HOWSER M.D. (MEDICAL DOG) I LIKE HAVING SOMEONE AROUND WITH A MEDICAL BACKGROUND JUST IN CASE OF EMERGENCIES ;-P"

BRITNEY AMBER
@Britney_Amber · February '17 Honey

"KLAUS IS MY GRUMPY OLD MAN. HE YELLS AT KIDS TO GET OFF HIS LAWN AND COMPLAINS ABOUT TODAY'S MUSIC. MISS MOO IS MY SPIRIT ANIMAL. SHE WOULD BE THE GIRL IN THE CLUB 'ACCIDENTALLY' SPILLING DRINKS ON PEOPLE."

MISSY MARTINEZ
@MissyXMartinez · August '16 Day in the Life

"MILLI IS A FIVE-YEAR-OLD CHIHUAHUA. I'VE HAD HER SINCE SHE WAS ONLY TWO MONTHS OLD AND SHE LOOKED LIKE A LITTLE HAMPSTER. I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH HER EVER SINCE. SHE'S A LITTLE PRINCESS, AND HER FAVORITE COLOR IS PINK."

NINA NORTH
@NinaNorth19 · November '16 Honey

"MY KITTY BABIES GIVE ME PURPOSE AND UNCONDITIONAL ❤. WHENEVER I'M HAVING AN OFF DAY, I JUST GO HANG OUT WITH MY KITTIES, AND THEY MAKE ME FEEL A MILLION TIMES BETTER! HOW COULD YOU EVER BE UPSET AROUND SUCH BEAUTIFUL CREATURES?"

RAHYNDEE JAMES
@RahyndeeJames · July '17 Honey

"PIG IS MY EVERYTHING, MY LITTLE ANGEL GOUDA PIG. HE IS OBSESSED WITH MAKING FRIENDS, WITH HUMANS AND DOGS ALIKE... HE JUST WANTS TO GIVE EVERYONE 'THE LOVES' AND HAVE EVERYONE GIVE HIM 'THE LOVES' IN RETURN. PIG JUST TURNED ONE ON MAY 16TH (TAURUS BABY) AND ENJOYED A HAWAIIAN LUAU BIRTHDAY BASH!"

RILEY NIXON

@RileyNixon_ · January '17 Honey

"TIKA CAME TO US AS A RESCUE FROM AN ABUSIVE FAMILY AND HAS BEEN THE MOST LOVING AND AFFECTIONATE DOG I HAVE EVER MET. SHE JUST WANTS TO CUDDLE AND LOVE ON PEOPLE."

DOLLY LEIGH

@MissDollyLeigh · April '17 Honey

Cuter than a bug's ear, right? Follow us and your faves on Twitter @HUSTLERMag. And to check out our Honeys' full-length layouts, call 800-763-8271 ext 7651 or go to HUSTLERMagazine.com.

DANICA DILLON

MOMMY DEAREST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

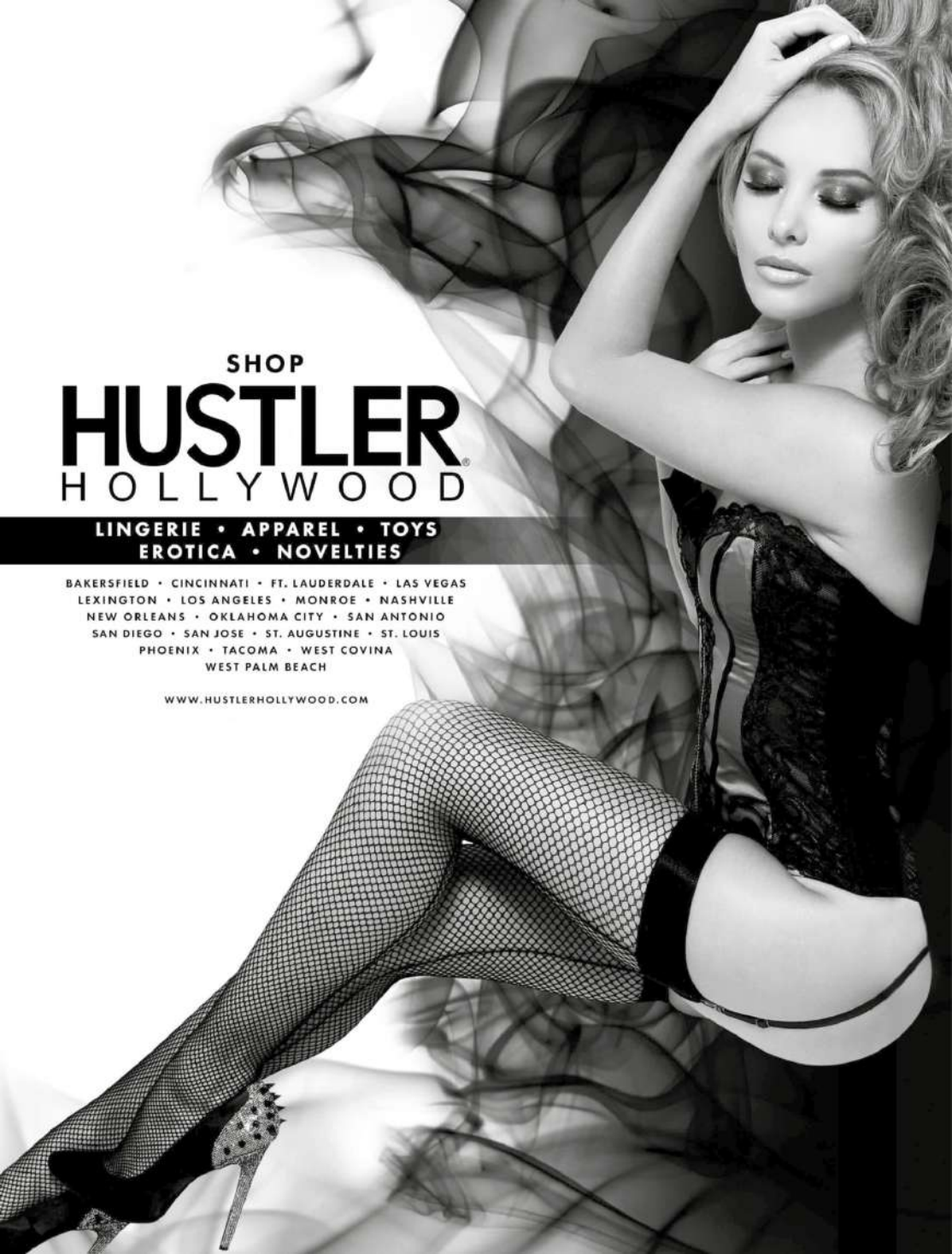
I love watching two men together. I don't know. It's just different, taboo. People watch lesbian porn all the time, but I like watching men.

"I'm married and the mother of three children, but that hasn't stopped my career. I never expected to be in this business and took a chance even though I was skeptical and small-minded about what it really meant to be an adult star.

"Men love my tits. They can't get enough. I mean, who wouldn't? I have juicy, big breasts. Best in the business."

THAT FEELING WHEN...
YOU HAVE A BIG COCK IN YOUR ASS!
1-800
ANAL-SEX
2625739
$0.99-$2.99 per/min. Premium and access fees may apply. Adults 18+.
A069H

COME PLAY WITH THESE...
1-800
BIG
TITS
2448487
$0.99-$2.99 per/min. Premium and access fees may apply. Adults 18+. A081H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C'MON, REVEREND! CLIMB UP ON THIS PUSSY AND FUCK MY BRAINS OUT! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU WAITING ON?!
YOUNG LADY, I'M A MAN OF GOD, AND I WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D REFRAIN FROM USING THAT KIND OF LANGUAGE!
WINNERS

LANA RHOADES

TIMELESS BEAUTY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
VICTOR LIGHTWORSHIP

I've wanted to be in porn ever since I was a teenager, watching documentaries of Savannah and Jenna Jameson. Those women were just…wow. I watched *The Anna Nicole Show* religiously too and still own all the DVDs. She was more beautiful than Marilyn Monroe—timeless.

"I was thrilled to shoot my first blowbang scene—the director actually made me look beautiful while I was getting my face pounded by six cocks. I gained some true hardcore fans from that scene! I showed people that I can make beautiful erotica and also be one of the dirtiest gonzo girls in the game. That's what makes you a truly great sex performer: being able to do it all.

"Sex on camera is an art. You have to exaggerate your normal reactions so they translate to the viewer. It's my passion."

LANA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Chicago, Illinois**
AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-3**
MEASUREMENTS: **32D-24-35**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Piledriver**
TWITTER: **@LanaRhoades**

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A man in Denver, Colorado, was laid off and went to a job-placement center. Spotting an ad for a gynecologist's assistant, he asked the clerk for details. "The job entails prepping the gynecologist's patients," the clerk told him. "You have to help the ladies get out of their underwear, lay them down and rub soothing oil into their private parts so they're ready for their examination. The annual salary is $65,000, but you'll have to go to Billings, Montana."

"Good grief!" the unemployed guy exclaimed. "Is that where the job is?"

"No, sir," the clerk muttered. "That's where the end of the line is right now."

Two elderly women met up at the bingo hall. "You're late this week, Betty," one said to the other. "Did you come on the bus?"

"Yes," Betty owned up, giggling. "But I managed to pass it off as a seizure."

Good ol' boy Bubba called his attorney and asked, "Is it true that cigarette companies are getting sued for causing cancer?"

"Yes, Bubba, they sure are," the lawyer responded.

"And someone is suing them fast-food joints for making them fat and clogging their arteries with burgers and fries?"

"That's true too, Bubba."

"And a lady sued Starbucks 'cause hot coffee spilled on her lap?"

"That's right," the lawyer remarked. "But why are you asking all these questions?"

"Well," Bubba said, "I was thinking, what I want to know is, kin I sue Budweiser for all them ugly women I fucked?"

Question: What gets longer when pulled, fits between a set of tits, inserts neatly into a hole and works best when jerked?

Answer: A seatbelt.

One day a schoolmarm heard some meowing in her classroom and discovered that little Johnny had a kitten hidden in his backpack. "Why did you bring your cat to school today?" she asked.

Little Johnny started crying as he explained, "After I woke up this morning, I heard the mailman tell my mommy, 'I'm gonna eat your pussy today.'"

Jury trials are scary. Who wants to put their fate in the hands of 12 people who weren't smart enough to get out of jury duty?

The members of a company's board of directors were called into an emergency meeting and took their seats at a conference table. The last to be summoned was Ted, the junior member, who was instructed to remain standing. The chairman looked him in the eye and asked, "Have you ever had sex with my secretary, Miss Foyt?"

"Oh, no, sir, positively not!" Ted replied. "Honest, I've never been close enough to even touch Miss Foyt!"

"So you'd swear to that?" the chairman demanded.

"I swear that I've never had sex with Miss Foyt, anytime, anywhere," Ted insisted.

"Good. Then you fire her!"

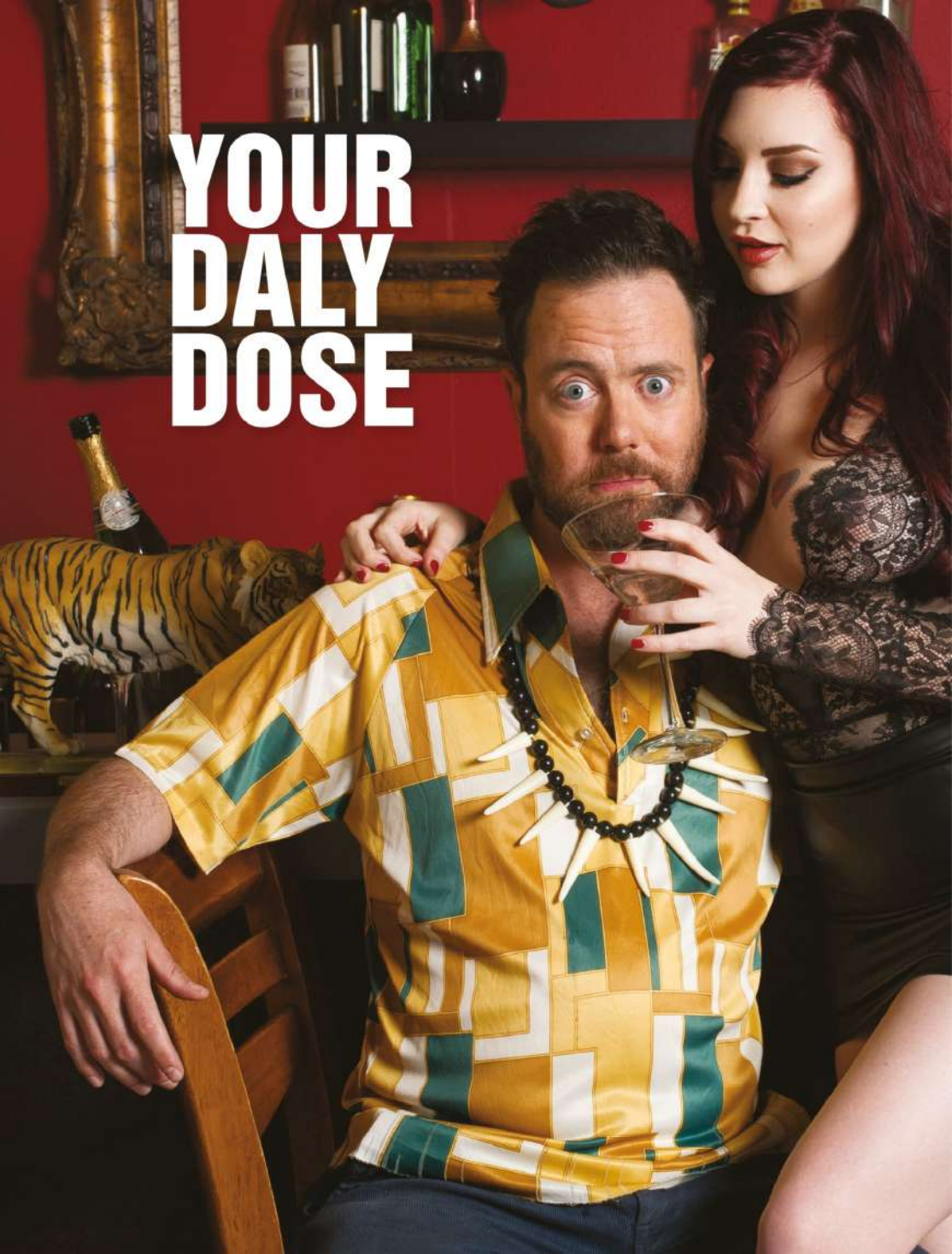
An old lady complained to her 20-year-old grandson, "I find that the young men of today aren't as polite and charming as they were when I was young."

The wiseass snarled, "That's because now they're not trying to fuck you, Grandma!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

Bill didn't believe in reincarnation until he came back as a tampon.

How come you don't objectify me like when we first got married?
That was fifteen dress sizes ago.
HUSTLER


YOUR
DALY
DOSE

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME FABIO CORNERED YOU ON THE POWER OF PROTEIN? OR YOU GOT PAID TO BE BILL MURRAY? OR TOTALLY FOOLED THE WORLD INTO THINKING THAT YOU WERE THE RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS? SUCH ARE THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COMEDIAN JON DALY, COSTAR OF SHOWTIME'S NEW SERIES *I'M DYING UP HERE* AND A REGULAR ON *COMEDY BANG! BANG!* JOIN US AS WE RAISE THE BAR ON FUCKING AROUND WITH THAT OTHER JOHN DALY, JAMMING WITH KENNY G AND HANGING WITH THE RIFF RAFF OF HOLLYWOOD.

INTERVIEW BY LEE KEELER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORRIS SMITH

HUSTLER: You're a lifer with the Upright Citizens Brigade. It's always been a comedy training ground, but I hear they've recently become accredited and are giving students actual grades. What do you think your grades would be?

JON DALY: Oh! They have grades for the classes now? It would be A-plus for all of mine. Actually, I'd like to think that I tried my best every class, but there would be some Saturday classes where you're like hungover and not giving it your all. Just because of raw talent, I would get A-plusses and then feel really guilty about it. That's my thing.

There have been notorious stories about the original UCB, which was a strip club before it was converted to a comedy venue.

I remember there being a table. It was there from the old days. There were prostitutes and strippers who would blow dudes in the basement, and there was this table that was covered with the dead gum of strippers who would take it out to blow Hasidic Jews. Let me back up—I dated a girl who was the office manager there early on. So I would go there during the day, and most of the customers who still thought it was a porno theater would come in and go, "Where the girls? Where the girls?"

Some of your parody work has blown up without people even knowing it was a parody. The Pepper Men had folks thinking it was an actual track by The Red Hot Chili Peppers.

We built this website called RHCP2014.com and released it as if it was a free download from the Chili Peppers to their fans in anticipation of the 2014 Super Bowl, when in reality it was my fake song. People bought it because we had a really nice website that made it seem real. So it got around, and Yahoo Music and a couple other outlets did reviews as if it were the new Peppers track. Scathing reviews came out. That was probably the most satisfying thing, that people thought it was real. Because if you listen to it, it's insane. But Cyrus [Ghahremani] is so good at bass and all the instruments that you can't really tell. Plus, I do a pretty good [Anthony] Kiedis.

You do an amazing Kiedis.

But my Kiedis breaks down after the first two verses. So if you're still on board after those first couple verses, it's on you. Especially if you're a music reporter. >>

Was there any blowback from fans or the actual Chili Peppers themselves?
There was some blowback, but most fans appreciated it. I am personally a fan of the Peppers, going back to eighth grade. But I don't think they liked it. Flea and Kiedis both had been following me on Twitter, and they unfollowed me after it came out, and Chad Smith posted it and wrote "Hahahaha." So who knows what that means? But I meant it in good spirit, and the only way I could make it so good, honestly, is because I'm such a fan. You can't really parody something unless you deeply know what it is.

Would you ever expand on that concept?
Keep imitating Kiedis? I like to think that I'm living my life asking, "What would Kiedis do?" So as long as I keep guiding myself through that principle and defining myself through the grid of the Kiedis paradigm, I think my lifestyle is gonna be bing-a-bong perfect.

You've played sax on *Comedy Bang! Bang!* and in other projects, and the instrument has become a bit of a calling card for your persona. Didn't you even jam with Kenny G for that Funny Or Die vid "My Imaginary Friend Is Kenny G"?
Yeah, Kenny G is a master musician and a good dude. He's very funny. I got to go to his insane Malibu estate, which was fascinating, and see how he lives. He's in great shape. He's still very handsome; his hair is real. He's not one of these plastic surgery guys. He looks good because Kenny G's got good Kenny genes. But yeah, he still wakes up and practices for three hours every day. His family and manager were there—they're sweet people—and we made that video, which was totally stupid. He was down for dumb stuff. I was totally impressed.

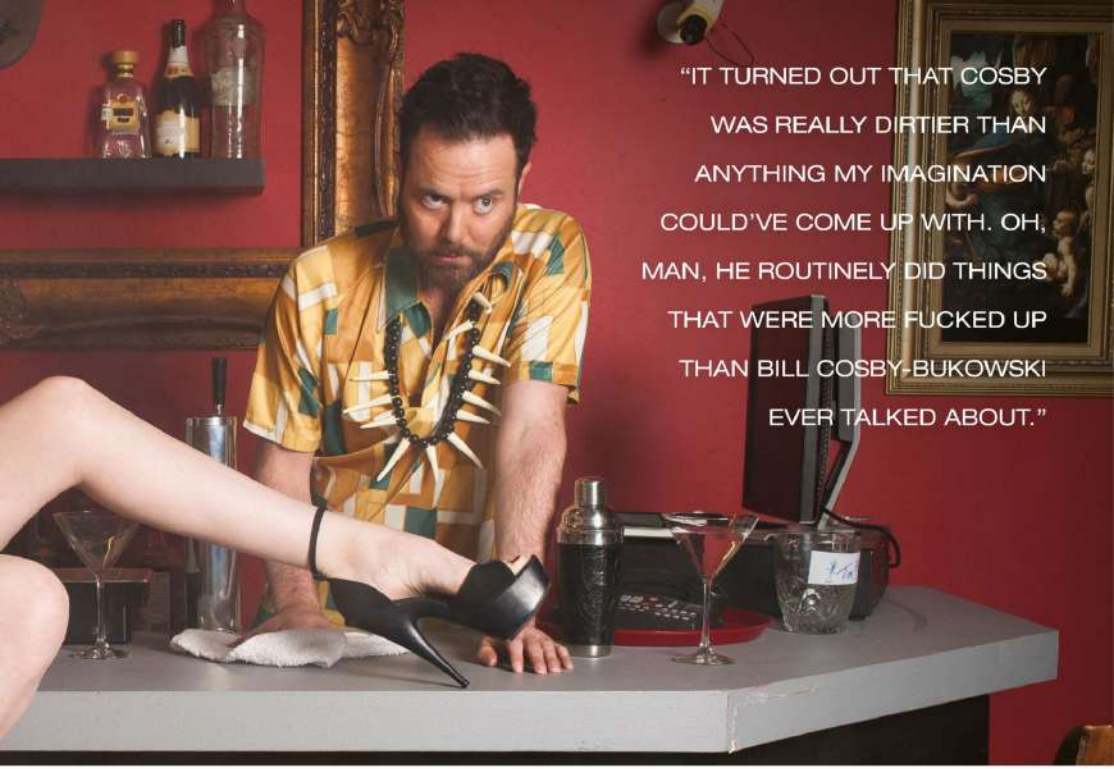
And Fabio was a part of that as well, yes?
Fabio I love. Another guy who just looks like a horse, and it's all real. He's an Italian prince and is super interesting and suave. I wouldn't say this about many people, but he's debonair. I mean, part of why I had Fabio be in the video is that he's a kitschy star, but what's not kitschy is the way that ladies behave around him. Still. There were a lot of ladies on that video shoot, and there was a very strong attraction from them, which he was a complete gentleman about and was literally, almost physically batting girls away in order to go home in peace. It was crazy to have this almost cartoonishly handsome guy from the cover of all these romance novels—but the dude is the best for a reason. Insanity. And he will talk your ear off about animal protein—I'm being serious—and how human beings need it. In between shots he'd be like, "Zees vegetarians are stupeed. We are omnivores. At least one animal protein a day or you are giving your body not enough."

***Kroll Show*'s most memorable characters have been the Rich Dicks, Wendy and Aspen, the most spoiled kids on the planet. You'd think they'd end up on Trump's cabinet somehow.**
Right, and then they'd think it was so boring. Or they would reject Eric Trump from a party, but after his dad becomes President, they'd let him in [*laughs*], "Ugh, he might be able to help us out."

You also played kind of a douchebag in *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*.
Oh, yeah, I played a corporate coward. I just tried to make it funny. Once I got the role, I shaped it after a beaten-down middle manager who is gossipy. Like people I would know when I did temp work in the mid-2000s. There's a certain type of, "What's the word on the street? We're all fired?" kind of shitty, terrified coward—really fun to play.

Was there a lot of temp work in those days?
I'm lucky there wasn't too much! I was able to teach classes, which was a great thing to do and fulfilling. Temp work was never fulfilling. I worked at this place called Glacier post-9/11. My job was taking legal documents out of boxes that were stapled together, unstapling them, giving them to another worker to put into a scanner and restapling them back together again. Then I put a sticker on the box that said "Done," and I did that all day long. It was the worst thing that I've ever done, and it was some absurd amount of money, like $12 an hour. That was rough. I think that was right after 9/11 actually. The air smelled like burning rubber all the time.

SPECIAL THANKS TO AMBER IVY


"IT TURNED OUT THAT COSBY WAS REALLY DIRTIER THAN ANYTHING MY IMAGINATION COULD'VE COME UP WITH. OH, MAN, HE ROUTINELY DID THINGS THAT WERE MORE FUCKED UP THAN BILL COSBY-BUKOWSKI EVER TALKED ABOUT."

I listened to a lot of *Howard Stern* as I packed boxes. In 2002, the year after, they replayed the *Howard Stern* episode from 2001. And I wept. Because I had posttraumatic stress or something from being there.

You've written for *The Eric Andre Show* on Adult Swim. That shit is pretty psychotic.

That show is all Eric Andre's brain, so you can only do so much writing. You kinda come in and go, "How can we have you fuck a goat?" And Eric's like, "All right, good idea. So I should fuck a goat, right?" Then you formulate a way for him to fuck a goat. What it really is is his instincts and his id coming forth, and then it becomes his dynamic with Hannibal [Buress]. The way they've become merciless to Nick Cannon in the last season is so funny. They've become fearless, and it's really, really good.

One of your standout characters used to be Bill Cosby-Bukowski. Did you ever do a response to Mr. Cosby's issues as of late?

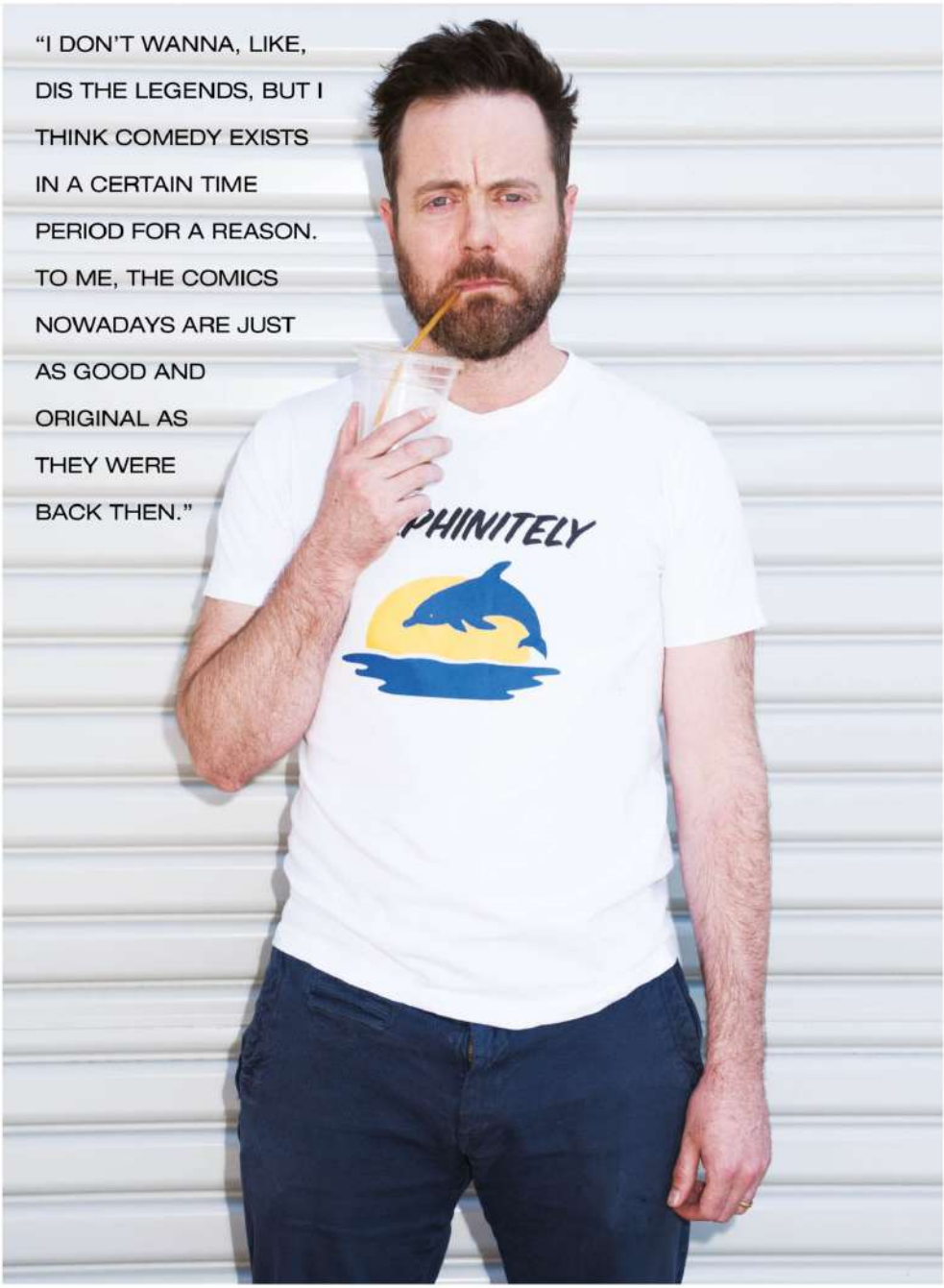
Just to make it clear, I was doing that character before all of those rape allegations came out. Once it became clear, once Hannibal Buress really called him out for being, in fact, a serial rapist, doing the character wasn't fun anymore. Or funny. It felt terrible. I felt like I was a bad person. Whereas before it was kind of like playing with the tension of, "What if Cosby was really dirty?" Well, it turned out that Cosby was really dirtier than anything my imagination could've come up with. Oh, man, he routinely did things that were more fucked up than Bill Cosby-Bukowski ever talked about. So, yeah, I would say I didn't swing for the fences enough. I did try the bit out one time after the first allegations, thinking it might be an interesting twist. It did not work. All it did was prove to me that I could never, ever do this character again.

You acted with Riff Raff when he appeared on the Amazon show *Betas*.

Right. Riff Raff was dope. He showed up with a husky puppy. He had one of those under his arms. He was fully decked out with a gold grill and had very striking, beautiful ice-blue eyes—I'll say that about Riff Raff. Together, combined with his look? You feel like you're looking at a vampire from hell, for lack of a better term. Riff Raff showed up with all this and a shoe box full of cash and jewelry.

What? Really?

Lots of cash. And he had people, a small group, some friends. So he had this box of cash, and we said, "What's that for?" They were doing a backstage interview for the electronic press kit on *Betas*, and that's when he started putting on all the big chains, pulling out wads of cash to make it rain for the interview. It was great. Riff Raff was dynamite. My interaction with him was like, "Hey, man, how are ya? I'm a big fan of your last song." His response was, "Do you know Diplo?" And I said no, and his response was, "Ahhhhh, aight, aight." Working with Riff Raff is magic. >>


"I DON'T WANNA, LIKE, DIS THE LEGENDS, BUT I THINK COMEDY EXISTS IN A CERTAIN TIME PERIOD FOR A REASON. TO ME, THE COMICS NOWADAYS ARE JUST AS GOOD AND ORIGINAL AS THEY WERE BACK THEN."
PHINITELY

***The Adult Swim Golf Classic* seemed like a labor of love. You played John Daly, a pro golfer you share a name with. You guys shot that on a Trump course, right?**
Let me just say we filmed this on a Trump course back in the days when filming it on a Trump course was still funny. Imagine a time when it was kind of like just making fun of golf. So now the Trump course factor actually has the effect to me of making it feel a bit sinister. Which has since become a bit of a bummer on an otherwise fun project.

Have you ever been in touch with the other John Daly?
No, I reached out to him. He's a busy guy. I hope he doesn't dislike my special or my website, jondalyisjohndaly.com, because both were done in a spirit of playful fun. Playful fun bubblegum. It's pop art. Ya know, do you get mad at the *Saturday Night Live* Not-Ready-for-Primetime Players when they make fun of you? No, you're honored. So I wanted to honor him. And he was so honored that he blocked me on Twitter.

***I'm Dying Up Here* premiered June 4th on Showtime. Arnie Brown sounds like the name of a devious mentor. Is that your deal on this show?**
No, not in essence. Arnie works at the comedy club called Goldie's; this character plays Goldie's lackey. Arnie works the door and makes the schedules for the comics. I myself play a comic, but I'm a terrible comic. I play the kind of comic who doesn't think that he's terrible; he just thinks that the crowd is not good. So I do go up onstage. I don't do well. I'm also the landlord for the apartment above Goldie's. I live in that house, and these comics who are fresh off of the boat from Boston live in my closet and pay me rent. My character is a sleazebag who is very into cocaine. I snort coke and am both bitter and appreciative of the scene.

The show covers '70s stand-up, which some people see as the birth of real stand-up. In your opinion, do you think it's gotten worse or better since then?
It's definitely gotten better. There's more of it. A lot has gotten worse, but way more has gotten better. I mean, there were geniuses back then: Richard Pryor, George Carlin, Andy Kaufman, Belzer, Boosler, Joan Rivers. I don't wanna, like, dis the legends, but I think comedy exists in a certain time period for a reason. And within the time that you're in, there's always going to be vital comedy. To me, the comics nowadays are just as good and original as they were back then.

David Wain, who directed *Wet Hot American Summer* and *Role Models* just wrapped *A Futile and Stupid Gesture*, a biopic about the early days of *National Lampoon*. You're playing Bill Murray in this. You get to spend any time with him?
In a manner of speaking. I had about two weeks to prepare for the role, so I just rewatched everything. I listened to all his *Lampoon* sketches and gleefully rewatched his performances—like, I haven't seen *Meatballs* since I was nine. What I never realized is that the entire comedy of that movie is Bill Murray. The entire movie is just him teaching everyone—a clinic on acting. It's just amazing. I revisited *Scrooged*. He's got this grim determination and this asshole whisper that he does. It was a very big pleasure to just memorize his idiosyncrasies as well as I could.

It seemed like perfect casting all around.
The whole thing is really great and well-cast. Will Forte is doing some stuff I've never seen him do. It's going to be a fun movie. It's a cool story in terms of *National Lampoon*—a lot of people think they know the story, when they really have no idea.

Growing up, were you a *Lampoon* guy at all?
Monty Python. In eighth grade I got a big haul of Monty Python records, and I converted them all to tape. And I really think that Monty Python, as good as their show is, is best enjoyed by listening to the records. Maybe it's because I had the records first, but when I saw the sketches visualized on the show, I was a little disappointed by them.

Yeah, there was definitely a golden era for comedy LPs in the late '70s and early '80s.
I had an uncle who would hook me up with Led Zeppelin and Cheech & Chong records. I was into the Cheech & Chong movies as a youth.

It's a shame that somebody great hasn't given Cheech & Chong one last good film.
Is Lou Adler still alive? He is, right? We gotta get Lou Adler back.

Would you direct that, a Cheech & Chong project?
Let's see, we've had *Up in Smoke*, *Still Smokin'*. It could be one of those "one last trip" or "bucket list" movies. They fill a hot-air balloon with weed smoke, and they gotta keep smoking to keep it up there, man. Hit me up, Chong. H

*Help Jon Daly in his quest to merge with John Daly by visiting **jondalyisjohndaly.com**, and check out the hilarious hit* I'm Dying Up Here *Sundays on Showtime.*

I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT THIS, AM I?
OH, DON'T WORRY YOU'LL GET BETTER AT IT. THAT'S WHY I'M MAKING YOU PRACTICE THREE NIGHTS A WEEK.
WINNERS

LESBIAN ART OF SEDUCTION

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: BOBBY MANILA. STARRING: NORAH NOVA, SUMMER DAY, VIOLET MONROE, SASHA HEART, AYUMU KASE, CHRISTIE STEVENS, JEANIE MARIE SULLIVAN & MARIE McCRAY.

Funding for the arts is once again imperiled, thanks to a certain Cheeto-skinned megalomaniac who somehow blustered his way into the highest office in the land. Thankfully, the private sector has stepped in to fill the void with *Lesbian Art of Seduction*, a treatise on how females lure females into the world of sapphic bliss. It's an important skill: If Donald Trump's mother had taken a liking to snatch, she might not have birthed a butter-dull narcissist who is now leader of the free world despite the fact that he's probably unable to lead his pinky-dick to his gold-plated toilet bowl for a well-aimed piss. Okay, enough venting. On to the matter at hand. MILFy blonde Jeanie Marie Sullivan plays an older, worldly photographer tasked with shooting Bettie Page wannabe Marie McCray. With her brick-shithouse build, Sullivan plays the part of alpha-bitch to the hilt. Watching Sullivan fast-talk McCray out of her top before pouncing on her and licking her face is like watching a lioness toy with a gazelle before going in for the kill. The MVP of this video, however, is Summer Day, a too-pretty-for-porn blonde who consoles Norah Nova, her greyhound-thin girlfriend who's just been dumped by her boyfriend. Day fills the void in Nova's life with a double-ended dildo. *Lesbian Art of Seduction* might focus on girl-girl action, but there are lessons to be learned here for guys too. Take notes…with the free hand that isn't busy strangling your crotch-weasel. Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com** to order.

—Pico D. Ribibi

NORAH NOVA & SUMMER DAY

JEANIE MARIE SULLIVAN & MARIE McCRAY

SASHA HEART & VIOLET MONROE

AYUMU KASE & CHRISTIE STEVENS

ANA FOXXX

ASHLEY PINK

AXEL BRAUN'S BROWN SUGAR

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: ANYA IVY, ANA FOXXX, ASHLEY PINK, CHANELL HEART, YASMINE DE LEON, ERIC JOHN, LUCAS FROST, MR. PETE, SMALL HANDS & OWEN GRAY.

With racial tensions flaring up across the nation, *Axel Braun's Brown Sugar* serves as a welcome reminder that the races can come together for a hot time that doesn't involve heated rhetoric and Molotov cocktails. A no-frills affair, this offering lays it out in black and white, pairing up ebony bombshells with honky hose-slingers. Mahogany-toned enchantress Ana Foxxx is delicious, with long brown stems for legs and an ass that begs to be pounded. Some tattooed douchebag who looks like he came to the set directly from a Sum 41 concert swoops in and buries his stubbly chin between Foxxx's legs for a taste of her pearlescent pussy. Foxxx is a lithe fucker, going knees-to-shoulders for her drilling, and she chokes down on her partner's plus-size vanilla stick with aplomb. Anya Ivy bears a tawny skin tone that in less polite times would have been described as high yellow. She boasts irresistible doe eyes, a perfect pair of tits punctuated with nipples that pop like turkey timers when her juices start flowing, and a groin-stiffening stroke-and-slurp blowjob technique. Ivy's scene is hot enough to make David Duke reach for the lube and wipe himself clean with his Klansman hood afterward. Alas, not all of the peaches on this tree are as juicy and sweet as Foxxx and Ivy—Ashley Pink, with her mannish face and modest milk mounds, is wholly unremarkable—but *Brown Sugar* is tasty enough to make your mouth water. **—P.D.R.**

ANYA IVY

CHANELL HEART

YASMINE DE LEON

FUCK THE FRENCH

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FERRARA. STARRING: LUCY HEART, CARA SAINT-GERMAIN, SOPHIA LAURE, ROSE VALERIE & MANUEL FERRARA.

Part travelogue, part porn flick, *Fuck the French* finds froggy sperm-slinger Manuel Ferrara launching a brutal carnal campaign through his homeland, bombing trenches with his cum cannon. When he's not drilling a succession of hungry young cockhounds, Ferrara gives viewers a tour of landmarks such as the Eiffel Tower and the Arc de Triomphe (Paris Tourism Bureau, take note: You may have found your next spokesman). But it's the hills and valleys of Ferrara's scum targets that offer the most gratifying views. Cute Russian blonde Lucy Heart sports a dimpled chin and perfect tits shaped like the teardrops that surely ran down her face after the cameras stopped rolling. Heart expresses a desire for Ferrara to get rough while he fucks her, and Ferrara, ever the sexual pugilist, is happy to comply, wringing her tit while filleting her snapper and decimating her bunghole. Further on, Ferrara gnaws on Heart's ear in a sexually charged reenactment of the Tyson-Holyfield bout. If only the French had been as assertive when confronted by the Germans during World War II. Ferrara is similarly indelicate with Rose Valerie, the next target of his blood-swollen baguette, spanking the dirty blonde's drum-tight ass and choking her while putting her through her sexual paces. Brunet fuck-puppet Cara Saint-Germain's goofy demeanor suggests a childhood diet of lead paint chips, but her jaw-dropping dairy domes will leave viewers drooling semen from their laps anyway. *Fuck the French* will have you waving the white flag—or at least swiping a tissue across your crotch—by the time it's over. **—P.D.R.**

ROSE VALERIE

SOPHIA LAURE

LUCY HEART

CARA SAINT-GERMAIN

ALINA
WEST
TINY DANCER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

Back in New York I was working at a children's clothing store during the day and dancing at night, but that got boring, so I packed up and headed West. The endless sun in California is still so dreamy to me.

"The first time I stripped naked on camera, it wasn't a big deal. I had already been dancing on a pole naked and loved the exhibition of it all. I like using my body to communicate with people, and I feel so present when I'm filming. It's the only time my mind shuts off and I just focus on the moment and enjoying sex."

(continued from page 35)

level intelligence. Right now the biggest challenge is to implement intention and desire. Then the robot can have a more complicated internal state and mind."

By "deep learning," Hiroshi refers to the DNA of AI: machine-learning algorithms that enable robots and AI to develop and mature almost independently. By tapping into the terabytes and petabytes of all human and machine experience now recorded in the digital "cloud," the bots can achieve near perfect wisdom, learn from their own and others' mistakes and actually mutate their programs to perform better—in essence, they are evolving. It's all but inevitable that something like HAL in *2001: A Space Odyssey*—smarter than any living human, immensely fast and efficient, but with a distinctive personality and maybe even emotions—will be born within the foreseeable future.

So what's left for us pathetic human beings? How will we survive our creations?

In the last days of his Presidency, Obama issued a startling report about the near future, *Artificial Intelligence, Automation and the Economy*: "One possibility is superstar-biased technological change, where the benefits of technology accrue to an even smaller portion of society than just highly-skilled workers. The winner-take-most nature of information technology markets means that only a few may come to dominate markets. If labor productivity increases do not translate into wage increases, then the large economic gains brought about by AI could accrue to a select few. Instead of broadly shared prosperity for workers and consumers, this might push towards reduced competition and increased wealth inequality."

In other words, the owners of all this increasingly concentrated capital—the top .01%—will live even beyond the present luxurious standards of Bill Gates and Mark Zuckerberg. Google and Amazon may eventually merge to become the omnipotent Big Brother that virtually controls the whole world—Googlazon! Meanwhile, the 99% who can't compete with the machines will be left begging in the streets. So who will buy what the robots produce? Something has to give here.

There are only two adaptations to this revolution. One is a dystopian world where the ultrarich retreat into massive private fortresses while their RoboCop police state suppresses the masses of desperate unemployed who can only turn to crime to survive—a new feudalism, marked by widespread despair, violence and instability. The second solution may accomplish what the early optimists expected of the Industrial Revolution: a world where humankind works less and enjoys the extra leisure of a world powered mostly by machines.

A guaranteed basic income for all citizens is one proposal advanced by economists. In effect, we would all be shareholders in the greater capital investment in robotics and AI. Of course, this smacks of dreaded socialism in conservative ears, but what's the alternative? Millions will inevitably be unemployed and must somehow survive. "Citizen's dividend" is a less sullied term, reflecting that all citizens have an investment in the technology and economic system that runs—or ruins—our lives. Such a scheme would replace most of today's welfare and unemployment programs. And we are already seeing it implemented: In January Finland became the first nation to offer a guaranteed minimum income to 2,000 citizens on an experimental basis.

The millennial generation that will live fully side by side with robots in the near future leans heavily toward collective or "socialist" solutions, and rightly so—it's the only way they will enjoy any kind of security and quality of life.

Or maybe they'll turn Luddite and destroy the technology that threatens their jobs. That would certainly express another timeless aspect of our humanity. Are we not still savages in many ways? Oh, the robots will probably never be warm and cuddly, but they will certainly be less fallible than us and may even turn out to be less cruel. It will all depend on how we, their fathers, mothers and gods, raise them. H

"IF LABOR PRODUCTIVITY INCREASES DO NOT TRANSLATE INTO WAGE INCREASES, THEN THE LARGE ECONOMIC GAINS BROUGHT ABOUT BY AI COULD ACCRUE TO A SELECT FEW. INSTEAD OF BROADLY SHARED PROSPERITY FOR WORKERS AND CONSUMERS, THIS MIGHT PUSH TOWARDS REDUCED COMPETITION AND INCREASED WEALTH INEQUALITY."

"I just don't like vibrators. They always chip my teeth!"

"I've spent five long years looking for my ex-wife's killer.
Haven't found anybody that'll do it yet."

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LISEY SWEET

"It is an honor to appear in HUSTLER," raves Lisey Sweet, 27, a "tenacious, hard-working and motivated" college grad from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. "I'm a big Larry Flynt fan. He has defended the porn industry's First Amendment rights like no one else. I used to be a research scientist in microbiology, but I was terminated when the institution found out I was posting adult content on the internet. I want men to masturbate when they see me naked. Coming for me is so hot!" The 5-foot-6 sweetie is top-notch eye candy and a sizzling bedmate. "I'm extremely adventurous, seductive and aggressive," Lisey tells us. "When I see it, I want it! I'm bisexual with a preference for cock, and two cocks are better than one! It helps having special talents. I'm very flexible, so I can be fucked in contorted positions, and I can really gape my asshole for anal." Being an October Beaver is a bonus for Lisey since the month ends with her favorite event: "I never miss Fantasy Fest in Key West, Florida. I walk around in body paint or custom-made slutty costumes that I inevitably take off. I love getting into all sorts of naughty trouble, like indulging in a cumfest with three or four guys."

—Photos by Husband

"My fantasy is to fuck a pre-op transsexual. A beautiful woman with a cock—what more could a girl ask for?"
Twitter: @Lisey_2014 • Instagram: @Lisey2014

DEMONICA

Being stark naked in HUSTLER isn't a scary proposition for this antique dealer from Monterey, California. "I am confident in my beauty and proud of my body at age 37," Demonica declares. "I love modeling nude for my boyfriend. Ever since we met, he's encouraged me to explore my sexuality and show the world, in his words, my 'gorgeous and delicious' pussy. Honestly, I like to taste it when I feel I'm getting horny and right after sex." In tune with her moniker, Demonica is big on black-metal and goth bands, notably Aryan Wülf and Type O Negative, but the 5-foot-10 neophyte has a vanilla hobby—golf. So her favorite flick isn't *Halloween* or *Friday the 13th*. It's *Caddyshack*, and she also digs the TV show *Orange Is the New Black*. That's not surprising. Demonica is a lockdown lover. "I'm bisexual and very intense and seductive. In addition, I'm very dominant and aggressive. You will do as I say, not as I do. I must always be in charge, and if I'm not obeyed, I will gladly punish my partner." Demonica, who especially savors "rubbing my clitoris on a woman's ass," unleashes her switcheroo fantasy: "Two strange women bust through my door and take advantage of me." *—Photos by Black-Metal Larry*

Facebook.com/Erika.Taylor.Model
Instagram: @ErikaTaylorModel

ERIKA TAYLOR

"I've been told that nudity empowers some women, and I have to agree," announces Erika Taylor, 27, from Akron, Ohio. "This is my chance for others to see that I'm not just a laid-back, reserved, go-with-the flow kind of girl. I'm very open-minded and also dark and twisted sometimes—with a sense of humor to match." The 5-foot-7 Buckeye Stater sure keeps busy. "I'm into social media, baking cookies, traveling and watching TV," Erika discloses. "Mostly shows based on Marvel and DC Comics. Think *Arrow*, *The Flash*, *Supergirl*. Yeah, I'm a big comic-book nerd, but I like most horror movies too—the gore, the guts and all the crazy stuff in between." As for sex, Erika admits, "I'm totally submissive. I don't have a dominant bone in my body. I really enjoy being used, and I have no problem with anal, but it's more fun when my partner puts a toy in my vagina." What's in store for Erika on Halloween? "I want to have a bloody-good time. I love playing hide-the-wienie and being kinky on Halloween!" —*Photos by Paradigm Foto Studio*

LUNA

"If you're looking my way, I'll give you a peek at the goods," promises Luna, 50, a "shameless, mischievous and uninhibited" caregiver from Fort Myers, Florida. "I am definitely an exhibitionist out to make some lucky guy's day." Giving HUSTLER readers a peek was a no-brainer for the 5-foot-4 workout and YouTube aficionada. "Larry Flynt is king, and his models really got it going on," Luna marvels. "I don't think about the fact that they're magazine stars. It's more about flaunting their sexuality and attitudes." The self-proclaimed "bi seductress" does that with pizzazz. "I live in the Sunshine State, the land of endless summers and endless orgasms. I like to go to the beach and get it on in waist-deep water among the tourists. I'll give a stranger a handjob or finger myself into orbit. As long as the sharks keep their distance, I'm good." Luna's bedroom demeanor is equally off the wall: "I like to surprise my partner with unusual items for sex play. Could be a bar of butter. Could be a candy cane or slice of pizza. You never know with me. When sex is involved, no matter the scenario, I'm going to say, 'I don't see anything wrong with this.' Come one; come all. Just make my knees buckle with pleasure!" *—Photos by Friend*

"I celebrate Halloween and life itself by making love on a tombstone under a full moon."

YouTube.com/user/CandyLipstick1

"I'd like to find the perfect girl for a threeway with a stud. We'd spoil her silly. She'd be eaten, sucked and fucked. When the night turns to morning, she will have forgotten that she owns a brain. I'd be directing this orgy. Girlfriend only has to show up!"

ZOEY SANDS

"Modeling nude for HUSTLER Magazine is an amazing opportunity," says Zoey Sands, 30, a "life-long beach-bum hippie" from Virginia Beach, Virginia. "This is something I will look back on years from now and be very proud of!" The 4-foot-11 newcomer is eager to reveal more than her shipshape body and appetizing vagina. "For the past two years I've done construction work, and just to be clear: I'm no sign holder!" Zoey continues, "I'm very easygoing, bubbly and upbeat. My favorite pastimes are swimming, hiking, fishing and hunting. I also love to read and spend time with my three adorable kitties. My musical tastes range from country and hip-hop to rock and reggae, with Taylor Swift, Rebelution and Andie Case topping my playlist." What about play-time, Zoey? "I'm bisexual and extremely wild and frisky," she replies. "I love giving oral pleasure to my partner, and I'm exceptionally great at it! Doggy-style is my absolute favorite position; nothing hits my G spot better! But I like to keep things interesting as well, so trying new things is a must!" Zoey has a zesty ambition: "Being intimate with two men at the same time is my biggest fantasy. There's just something about options that is so sexy!" *—Photos by Friend*

"My Halloween fantasy is to dress up as Little Red Riding Hood and sneak into a graveyard after the sun goes down. A sexy Big Bad Wolf comes out of the shadows, bends me over a headstone and thrusts until I'm throbbing!"

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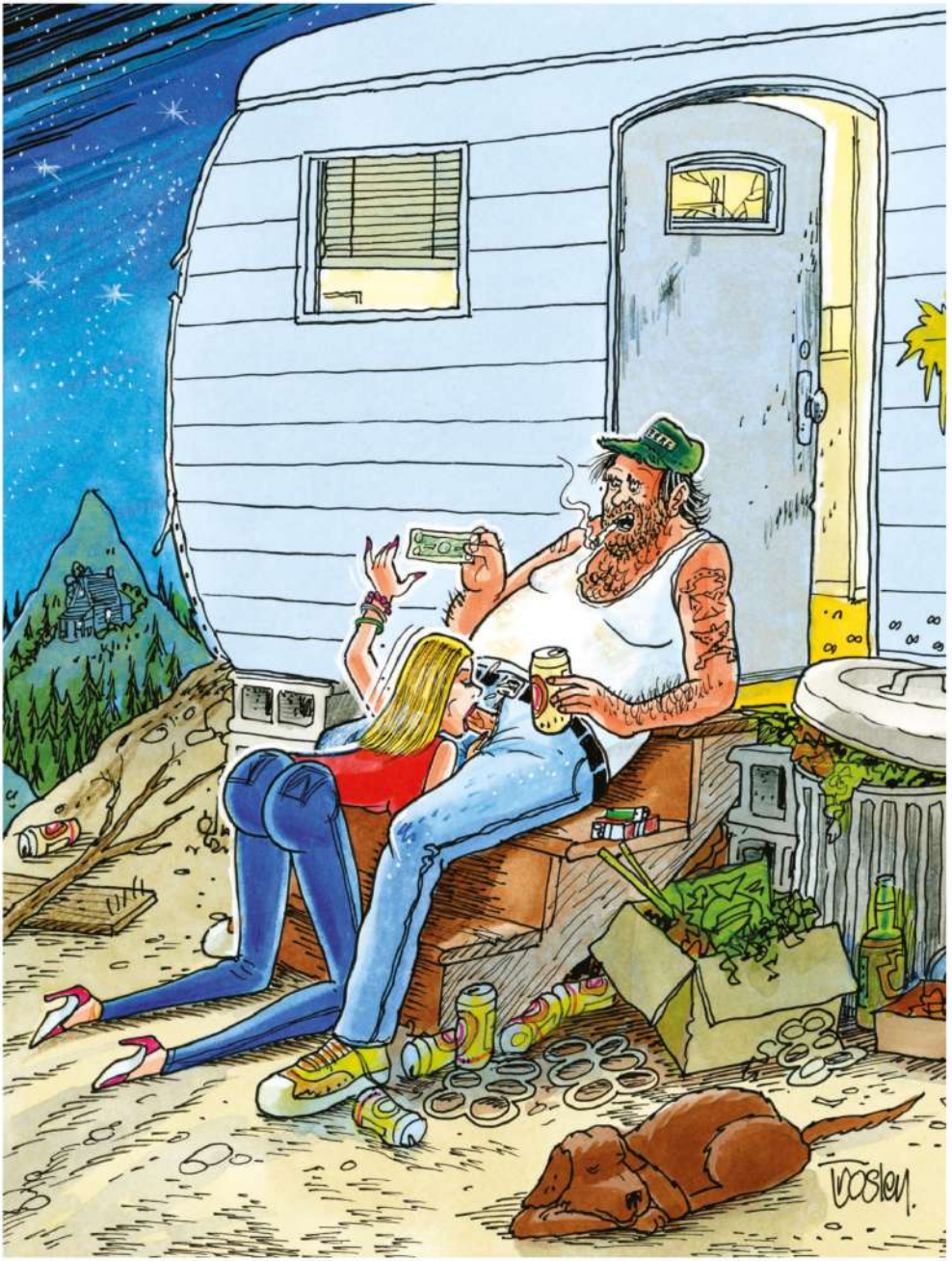

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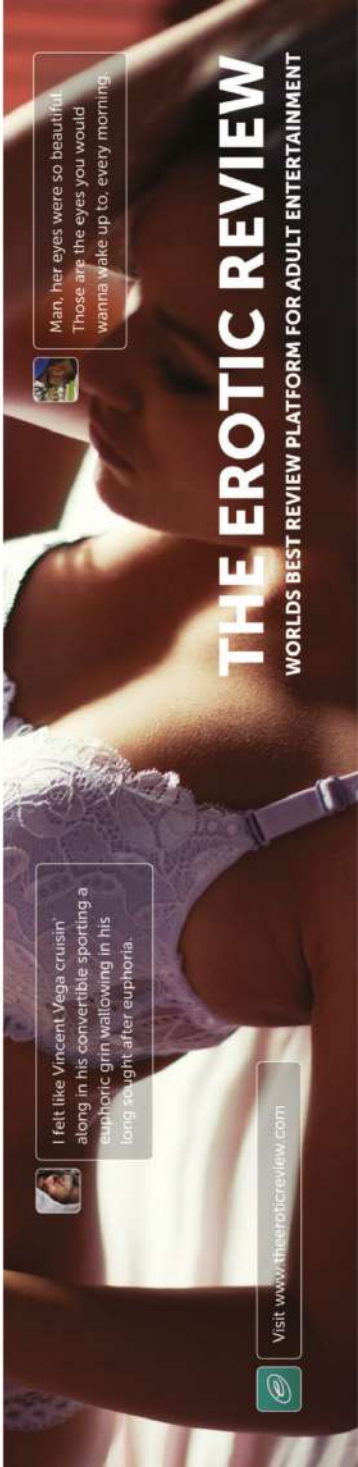
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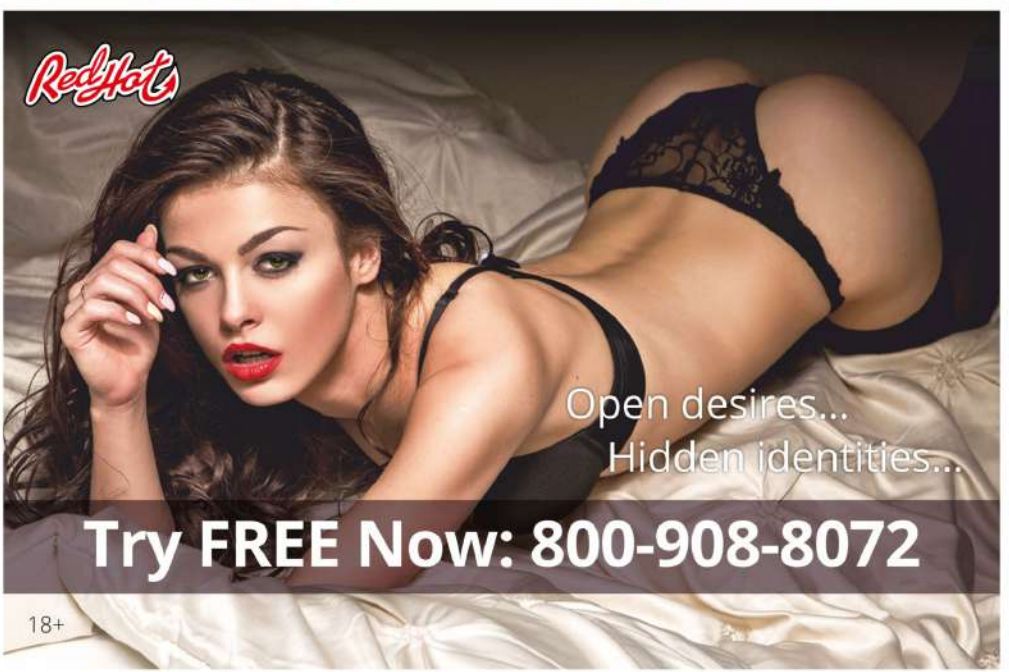
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FELICIA & GINA

IT'S THE CLIT, STUPID

HUSTLER CLASSIC
MARCH 2001
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATTI KLATT

I never have trouble finding a girl to lick my pussy," laughs **Felicia**. She pushes her hot slash into **Gina**'s face. "I just spread out on the roof, and the sluts come running. This bitch can't eat enough of my box. She sucks cunt like she's starving. I know guys are watching us from their windows, and I don't care. If they pay attention, they might learn something about licking slit."

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SICK NICK SWARDSON

Swardson first rolled his way into our hearts as street meat in *Reno 911!* After two solid decades in the comedy game, he popped by HUSTLER for a hilarious checkup. There really is no cure for this sick fuck—thank God.

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★★

★★★★★

After sipping some champaign she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

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